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BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

CELTIC SCOTLAND AND FEUDAL SCOTLAND.

BY GEORGE BURNETT, LYON KING-OF-ARMS.

In the four volumes forming the first instalment of Mr. Burton's work, we are presented with a succession of broad, bold, graphic sketches of events in Scotland, from the earliest age of which we know anything down to Queen Mary's abdication. A shrewd reasoning intellect and a large share of that uncommon faculty called common sense have enabled the author to take a far firmer grasp than most of his predecessors of the national and political life of Scotland, and the causes of its development. While some previous historians furnish us with a more microscopic view of individual transactions, none have been so successful in expressing the spirit of Scottish history. The style is graceful and flowing: we have much lively description, varied at times by cynical and humorous touches; and the materials are throughout so skilfully arranged, that the reader's attention can never flag, even in the most dreary parts of the story. Of partisanship there is none; Mr. Burton's philosophic way of looking at events raises him to an elevation far above the strife of parties. Occasional errors of oversight there are in matters of detail, as there will be in every work of the kind,—errors which, though they seldom materially affect the truthfulness of the

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narrative, or the general view of events, are of course to be regretted in a book of such value; but, we doubt not, a second edition will soon give the author an opportunity of removing these blemishes.

It is to Tacitus that we owe our first gleam of authentic light on Scotland. He tells us how his father-in-law Agricola, marching into Northern Britain, won a decisive victory over 30,000 Caledonian savages at the Mons Grampius.¹ The Romans, however, in spite of oft-repeated attempts, failed to subdue the fierce Caledonians; and the dominion asserted by their walls and fortresses never amounted to more than a military occupation. South Britain soon became a civilized Roman province, harassed, however, with a troublesome northern neighbour, whose inroads grew more

¹ The more correct reading would appear to be Groupius; and Mr. Burton warns us against identifying the site of Agricola's victory with the hills on which Norval's father fed his flock. The name Grampians was bestowed on the range of mountains now so called at the revival of classical learning, on the hypothesis of their being the locality indicated by Tacitus. This certainly is not an absolutely solitary instance of such a reversal of the ordinary conditions of etymology; but we do not think with Mr. Burton that any very large proportion of modern local names in Britain have come by a like process from classical sources.

and more formidable as the Romans withdrew their legions, and latterly formed the subject of perpetual wailing petitions for aid from Rome. Picts, Scots, and Saxons are all particularized by Ammianus Marcellinus among the barbarous tribes that in his day were the terror of the provincial Britons. Of these the Picts were identical with the Caledonians of Tacitus, and had acquired that name from their habit of painting their skins blue to look formidable in battle—a practice common when Cæsar wrote to all the Britons, which had been retained by the northern barbarians after the usages of polished life had banished it from the Roman province. The Scots were a wandering people—"per diversa vagantes"—who crossed the sea from Scotia, *i.e.* Ireland; and the so-called Saxons seem to have been Frisian strangers, already attempting to make settlements on the British shores. In the middle of the fifth century the Imperial Government, pressed by home dangers, had to abandon Britain to its fate.

On the departure of the Romans, a continuous stream of Anglo-Saxon invaders poured into England, pressing northwards to the Forth, and westwards to the verge of Wales and Cumbria. They may, as Mr. Burton suggests, have reduced the later Britons to slavery; but, at all events, the two races became interfused in blood, and the Anglo-Saxons of the time of Bede were a mixed Teutonic and Cymric people, among whom the language of the conquerors had established itself, while the blood of the conquered people in all probability preponderated.

As yet there was no Scotland, in the modern sense. When we come into the dim light furnished by Bede and Adamnan, in the end of the seventh century, Britain north of the Forth was unequally parcelled between two races. One was the Picts, who were in possession of the greater part of the country, and still retained in Latin parlance the name assigned them by the Romans; the other was the Dalriad Scots, a colony of the same wandering

tribes of Ireland mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, who had crossed to the coasts of Kintyre early in the sixth century, and were now flourishing settlers, occupying the greater part of what afterwards became the county of Argyle, and keeping up a close intercourse with the parent Scots of Irish Dalriada. In the ninth century, Irish Dalriada having become disintegrated, the Scots of Argyle and the Picts became united under one ruler, the heir, it would appear, of both the Pictish and the Scottish dynasty. The united kingdom and nation continued for some time to be called Pictavia or Albanich, and the old Pictish capital of Forteviot continued to be its capital; but eventually the name Scotia, which had originally belonged to the sister island, became identified with Northern Britain. To the south of the Clyde, lying along the west coast, was the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde or Cumbria, and southward of the Forth, along the east coast, was the Saxon province of Northumbria, also known as Lothian.

While the natives of Britain displaced by the Anglo-Saxons were admittedly a Celtic race, speaking a Cymric tongue, the nationality and language of the Picts, the people who from the Roman period to the ninth century or later occupied the greater part of Northern Britain, have been subjects of fierce contention among the antiquaries of a bygone generation. One party maintained that they were Gaelic-speaking Celts, while the other as vehemently contended that they were Teutons in language and race. The arguments hurled at each other by the assailants form a curious chapter in the history of misdirected ingenuity, and, excepting in the far-famed discussion between the Laird of Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour, we doubt whether they were ever before so agreeably dressed up as in Mr. Burton's pages. His *résumé* is, however, rather a history of what the past age said or wrote on the subject than an examination of the question from the present standpoint of criticism; and we were scarcely prepared to find

him not only treating the Pictish controversy as still unsettled, but indicating a hardly mistakeable leaning towards the Teutonic side. To us the evidence seems overwhelming that the Picts of history were a people of more or less Celtic nationality, who spoke substantially the same Gaelic tongue that is still spoken in the Highlands. If we are to believe that the language spoken in the ninth century all over Britain north of the Forth and Clyde, except in one remote corner, was not Gaelic, but a lost Teutonic tongue, we must further believe, with Henry of Huntingdon, that that tongue had so utterly disappeared in the middle of the twelfth century, that not a vestige of it was preserved. That a small tribe occupying a corner of the country should in three centuries have been enabled, either by conquest or amalgamation, so entirely to impose their language on the rest of the country, seems incredible, and the more so that no conquest or revolution is noticed by any of the contemporary Irish annalists or Welsh or Anglo-Saxon chroniclers; the Picts, on the contrary, figuring everywhere as the more vigorous race, victorious whenever brought into collision with the Scots. The overwhelming proportion of purely Gaelic local names in the most lowland districts of Scotland is a phenomenon of which we have never heard any plausible explanation on the Teutonic hypothesis. In the earliest charters, all the names of places north of the Forth, without exception, are Celtic.

The physiological evidence is also very strong of the preponderance of Celtic blood all over Scotland. It seems to be admitted by anthropologists, as the result of a careful examination of ancient skulls, and an induction from those of modern nations, that the Celtic cranium is peculiarly elongated in form. In Brittany the prevalent type of head is longer than in Normandy, in Normandy longer than in the more Romanized or Frankish parts of France, in England longer than in Brittany, and in Scotland and Ireland longer than in England. In Scotland the heads are found to be

shortest in the districts where the Norse element most predominated.¹ A German head is almost round compared with an English, and still more compared with a Scotch one. Some of our readers must have experienced the difficulty of procuring a hat in Germany sufficiently oval to fit. Mr. Burton seems disposed to attach some weight to Tacitus's observation that the Caledonians were large-limbed and red-haired, qualities which that historian considered suggestive of a common origin with the Germans. But the value of the ethnological speculation is lessened by the fact that, to one who was not a close observer, the Germans of classic times possessed so great a resemblance to the Gauls that the name of the former was traced by Strabo to the Latin *germanus*, near of kin; and Tacitus himself remarks the resemblance between the customs, language, and religious rites of all the tribes of Britain and those of Gaul,—points of agreement which are evidently more important in his eyes than the points of difference.

Much has been founded on the mention by Adamnan of Columba evangelizing the Picts through an interpreter, which, it has been argued, would hardly have been necessary had the Scots and Picts spoken two closely-allied dialects of Gaelic. But it has been pointed out by Mr. Skene that there is nowhere any indication of an interpreter having been present at Columba's interviews with King Brude or his people; to them his Irish Gaelic was probably intelligible enough; in the only two instances where the interpreter appears, Columba is reading the Scriptures to unlearned converts, and the office of that functionary evidently is to render the Latin text fluently into the vernacular. The language of Pictavia doubtless survived the accession of Kenneth Macalpin; and we have a valuable specimen of what must be accounted Pictavian Gaelic of the beginning of the

¹ See an interesting paper on this subject by Dr. Daniel Wilson, in the *Anthropological Review* of February 1865.

twelfth century in the "Book of Deer."¹

One chapter is devoted to the pre-Christian religions of Scotland, and two to early Christianity. Mr. Burton holds very sceptical notions about Druidism. His ideal Druid is something half-way between the witch and the gipsy of later times, hardly attaining the dignity of a second-sighted Highlander; and it certainly requires a large share of faith to evolve out of the classical descriptions anything like the popular idea of a Druidical priesthood. It is urged, with no little force, that, if the Druid hierarchy had been the potent influence that is generally supposed, we should often encounter it in ecclesiastical history; whereas the only heathen priests with whom Adamnan and the Hagiologists make us acquainted are Magi, who have nothing in common with the imagined Druidical organization and authority.

Romanized Britain had been to some extent Christianized, but its Christianity died amid the disorder that followed the departure of the Romans. Ireland, in the meantime, enjoying the blessing of tranquillity, became Christian and civilized; and its Church, growing famous and powerful, sent forth religious teachers to all parts of Europe. Columba, one of the most eminent of those missionaries, resolving to devote his life to the conversion of the Picts, planted a religious house on the island of Iona; and from this beginning sprang the Scottish Church. Owing to the isolation in which the Irish Church had grown up, its constitution was somewhat peculiar. Monasticism was one of its prominent features, but a monasticism largely mixed up with

secular life. It had its bishops, but, unlike other bishops, they had no dioceses. The highest dignitary at Iona was a presbyter-abbot, whose rule extended over bishops as well as priests. When the Scottish Church came into contact with the rest of Christendom, no little scandal and many fierce contests arose out of the discovery that it computed Easter by a mode condemned by the Council of Nice, and was notably unsound regarding the shape of the tonsure.

Iona was at length brought to conformity on those weighty topics; and, when the ravages of the Northmen led to a transfer of the chief ecclesiastical seat to Dunkeld, it would rather seem that ordinary diocesan episcopacy was established there. In the twelfth century, when light breaks again on the Scottish Church, we find, co-existing alongside of the bishops and priests, various communities of ecclesiastics, called Culdees, the last degenerate representatives of the Iona monks, chiefly noted for their indolence, nepotism, and private wealth, who were presided over by a lay abbot, the proprietor of the abbey lands. They gradually disappeared before the Church reforms of David I.

At the date of the union of the Picts and Scots, Norway was the great maritime power. All seafaring men in those days were pirates; and a band of Norwegians, exiled by the conquests of Harold Harfagr, seizing on the Shetlands and Orkneys, made descents on the Hebrides and north-west coasts of Scotland. Fresh reinforcements of their countrymen followed them, and a systematic course of pillage and colonization began, which lasted two hundred years, and more than once brought a large part of Scotland under the rule of a Norwegian jarl. The eventual result of the Norse irruptions was a healthy infusion of Scandinavian blood, but in the meantime they produced a chronic condition of war and insecurity, which greatly weakened the Scottish kingdom. After the middle of the eleventh century the hostilities became more inter-

¹ The manuscript so called, recently found by Mr. Bradshaw in the University Library of Cambridge, is a copy of the Gospels of the ninth century, which had belonged to the monks of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, with an account in Gaelic, in a hand of the beginning of the twelfth century, of how Columba and Drostan came from Iona to Aberdour; how Bede, the Pict, Maormor of Buchan, bestowed on them the towns of Aberdour and Deer; and how the endowments and immunities of the church of Deer were augmented by succeeding maormors, chiefs, and kings.

mittent; but it was not until 1263, when Haco's great expedition perished from the fury of the elements, that all danger from Norway was at an end. The Orkneys continued under Norse rule till the marriage of James III. when King Christian pledged them to Scotland for 50,000 florins of his daughter's dowry, a pledge whose non-redemption seems to have converted Scotland's right into one of absolute property, though Mr. Burton alludes to the speculations of some international lawyers as to whether Britain might not yet have to restore these islands, were payment of Queen Margaret's dowry offered.

With the accession of Malcolm Canmore began a new era, in which the native Celticism was to give way to the Saxondom of the south. Indeed, the first step towards the de-Celticizing of Scotland had been already taken forty years before, when the Saxon province of Lothian came under the sway of the Scottish kings. The Norman Conquest of England, however, which occurred in the ninth year of Malcolm's reign, at once brought Scotland into contact with English social influences. The mixed Teuton and Celtic blood of the Normans had produced a happy union of the perseverance and deliberation of the one race with the acuteness and vivacity of the other,—a combination which admirably fitted them to be, like the Romans of old, a governing and organizing people. One of the first results of the Conquest was to drive multitudes of fugitives from England to Scotland—among them the exiled Edgar Atheling—who brought with them their southern ideas and southern civilization to the Court of Scotland. St. Margaret, Edgar's sister, was Malcolm's queen, and was a woman of talent and energy, as well as piety. An uncompromising reformer in Church and State, she held controversies with the clergy, in which, according to her biographer, she had for interpreter her husband, who was acquainted with the Saxon language as well as his own. Mr. Burton here inquires whether the language

called his own was Gaelic or Teutonic; we can see no reason to doubt that it was the former. The Saxon of Lothian could not at that time have been accounted a distinct language from that of Margaret. Even three hundred years later, when each dialect had run a separate course, the "quaint Inglis" of Barbour cannot be called a different language from Chaucer's English. In Malcolm's time it doubtless was that the Court language was changed from Gaelic to Anglo-Saxon. In the twelfth century, the languages spoken in Scotland are always enumerated as the Scottish, British and English, *i.e.* the Gaelic, the Cymric of Galloway, and the tongue of Lothian. French was occasionally added to the number, as it was temporarily introduced by the Norman settlers at the Court of Scotland, as at that of England. In Malcolm's time, and much later, the Scottish language always meant the Gaelic. A twelfth century treatise, "*De Situ Albanie*," published in the Appendix to Father Innes's Essay, "*On the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*," describes the river Forth as called "*Scottice Froth, Britannie Werd, Romane vero Scottewatre*." The early charters of the Scottish kings are addressed, "*Omnibus probris hominibus totius regni Francis et Anglicis et Scottis et Galwensibus*." Even in the account given by Bower, of the "*Scotus venerabilis*" who, at the coronation of Alexander III. recited that king's genealogy, the "*materna lingua*" in which he spoke is shown by the context to have been Gaelic. We cannot regard the apparition of this Scotch mountaineer as the strange, isolated phenomenon that Mr. Burton would suggest. It seems to us that the reaction from the fashionable Highland mania of the last generation has carried even our best writers so far that they are reluctant to acknowledge the undeniable fact of the Scots having been

¹ "*Lingua Romana . . . maxime vero ita nostri vulgarem, et qua hodie utimur, appellarunt*."—*Ducange*. The term is, of course, applied with less propriety to a Teutonic vulgar tongue than to French.

till late in the eleventh century a Gaelic-speaking people. After Malcolm's time Anglo-Saxon colonists from Lothian spread rapidly northwards, along the level line of the coast, and intermarried with the Gaelic people among whom they settled; and, as the Anglo-Saxon language and ideas were adopted by the mixed race, the older tongue gradually became restricted to the mountaineers, whose position shut them out from Saxon influences. Thenceforth the Highlanders fell into the rear of civilization. The maormors of Moray and the chiefs of later times, hardly owning the royal prerogative, set up a sort of barbarous mimic royalty; and the people took to a life of plunder, varied occasionally by a formidably organized descent on the lowlands. In the time of war with England, it was a favourite device of the English kings to court the alliance of the Highland chiefs.

An immigration of Normans, which very shortly followed that of Saxons, introduced into Scotland all the feudal usages which the Conqueror had established in England. The tie to England was drawn closer by the marriage of Henry I. to Malcolm's daughter, as well as by the residence of David I. at the Court of England before his accession, and his marriage with the Conqueror's niece, the heiress of Northumberland and Huntingdon. The high offices of State were almost engrossed by the Norman barons, who, sometimes by gift, sometimes by marriage with Scottish heiresses, acquired large territorial possessions. The two countries, brought into the closest contact, became daily more and more assimilated. Scotland, freed from all apprehensions from Norway after the battle of Largs, made rapid strides in social and material progress. Mr. Burton has given us a number of particulars from authentic sources, which point to the existence of an affluence and comfort very unlike the Scotland of a later date. We have every indication of abundant food, lordly tables, and a fair proportion of the luxuries of life. The Lord Chamberlain was bound to see that cooks prepared

their victuals properly. Flourishing towns existed, with large trading privileges. There were bridges across the principal rivers. Hotels and taverns were well-established institutions. Agriculture was carried on carefully and systematically.

All these fair prospects were suddenly blighted by the calamitous death of Alexander III. in his midnight ride at Kinghorn. The infant grand-daughter who inherited his crown died on her passage from Norway, and a succession disputed by distant heirs threw the country into confusion. Scotland seems to have turned her eyes towards her powerful and hitherto friendly neighbour to extricate her from her difficulties by arbitrating between the claimants. At that period the progress of feudalism had nearly systematized the law of succession; yet precedents existed, of no very remote date, of an ancient and looser usage, by which a brother might be preferred to a son of the deceased, or a near relation who was illegitimate to a remoter who was lawfully born. If any principle can be discerned in the succession of the Scottish kings before Malcolm, it is one of alternate selection from two different branches of the royal house.

The two candidates between whom the contest eventually lay were descended from Margaret and Isabella, daughters of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. John Baliol was, through his mother, Devorgoil, the grandson of the elder daughter, Margaret; while Robert Bruce was the son of the younger daughter, Isabella. A tabular pedigree of the claimants would here have been very acceptable to the reader, and its presence would have preserved Mr. Burton from a few slips of inadvertence, such as calling Ada, Countess of Holland, daughter instead of grand-daughter of David I., and David, Earl of Huntingdon, son of William the Lion. A greater mistake than these mere verbal oversights attaches to the account of one of the competitors, namely, John Comyn, generally known as the "Black Comyn," in contradistinction

from his son, the "Red Comyn," who was slain by King Robert. His claim is set forth as derived from his mother, said to be Marjory, sister of Devorgoil, and aunt of John Baliol; and it is added that "he boasted, but in a shape that "has not distinctly come down to us, "of a descent from Donald Bain, a son "of the gracious Duncan, who for a brief "space occupied the throne. . . . But in "the decorous and precise Court of the "lord superior he could plead nothing "but his descent from the grand-daughter of Earl David, and this left "him immediately behind Baliol as the "descendant of the elder sister." Now Comyn's claim, as given in the "*Fœdera*," rests solely on a pedigree articulately set forth step by step from Donald, the accuracy of which there seems no reason to call in question; and this descent had doubtless much to do with the power which the Comyns then wielded in Scotland. If Wyntoun's statement be credited, that Malcolm Canmore was but the natural son of Duncan by the miller's daughter of Forteviot, while Donald Bane was legitimate, Comyn's was by no means the least plausible of the claims to the throne. The existence of the alleged sister of Devorgoil is disproved by the terms in which John Baliol's claim is deduced.¹ Wyntoun, with whom the mistake originated, calls her wife, not, as Mr. Burton does, sister, of the Black Comyn, while in another passage he correctly enough makes Comyn's wife sister of John Baliol himself, not of his mother.²

A prince of Edward's sagacity could but see at what an advantage Scotland's helplessness placed him. The assertion of a right of suzerainty was a device which the conditions of the feudal system had often before suggested to stronger states for encroaching on their weaker neighbours; and a claim of this kind could be made with the greater plausibility when, as in the present case, the weaker power was already vassal of the stronger for territory beyond its proper domains. Homage performed for the

separate fief could be represented as extending to the independent dominions: and, a state of vassalship being once established, some pretext would probably before long occur for declaring the fief forfeited to the overlord. Scotland herself had absorbed one or two little independent powers by a similar process. Edward arranged a meeting with the competitors, along with the nobles and gentry of Scotland, at Norham, to bring the matter to an issue. The proceedings were opened by a demand by the English king for an acknowledgment of his feudal superiority:—

"The bishops, prelates, counts, magnates, and nobles of Scotland had been invited to bring forward whatever they could to impugn King Edward's right of superiority over Scotland, but nothing to that effect was proffered, exhibited, or shown by them.

"After this follows a statement of moment. The community—the *communitas*—had within the three weeks given in some answer in writing, but it was not to the point. Though it did not seem to King Edward and his advisers to be to the point, yet would many people at the present day like to know what it was that the community of Scotland had to say against King Edward's demand, when the nobles and prelates were silent; still more interesting would it be to know who they were who spoke in the name of that vague *communitas*. There is little hope now of any such light. In fact there is evidence that it was convenient to keep out of view the fact that the community of Scotland had spoken out. The Great Roll of Scotland, as published in all the editions of the '*Fœdera*,' says nothing about it: and this shows that, if the notary who attested all the proceedings kept a note of this, it was excluded from the Roll deposited among the records of the Crown in England; and that, as no one can question, with design. At all events, we now know the fact that some answer was made on the part of Scotland to King Edward's assertion of feudal superiority. That this fact has but recently come to light is only too characteristic of all our means of knowing the truth in the great question it bears on. Transactions are profusely recorded, as if for the purpose of courting all inquiries into doubts and difficulties that might affect conclusions; yet one ever feels throughout all this candour that the truth is to be found somewhere behind, and that the abundance of punctilious record is devised to conceal it."

The word *communitas*, in its wider signification, included the whole clergy and nobility: but it seems here to be applied in its more restricted sense to

¹ *Fœdera*, vol. i. p. 776.

² Wyntoun, viii. c. 6, 218, 293.

the gentry or freeholders who did not possess the higher qualification of earl or baron, though forming part of the nobility.

The competitors had no hesitation in proffering their homage to Edward: it was indeed only on this condition that they could have expected him to help them to a kingdom. We are not sure but Mr. Burton overstates the case a little when he describes them collectively as "aliens, and belonging to a class of "aliens particularly offensive to the "people, of whose evil wishes regarding "them they were well aware." As in England the Norman and Saxon races among the upper classes were by this time completely fused, so the Norman nobility of Scotland had become intermingled in blood with the ancient gentry of the country. Bruce, whose paternal ancestors had been feudal lords in Scotland for nearly two centuries, had more Scottish than Norman blood in his veins. With the Comyns, too, Scottish blood seems to have preponderated, and they had been among the most considerable of the Scottish nobility for a century and a half, deriving importance, as already mentioned, from their representation of one of the Scottish kings. Baliol, on the other hand, although half Scotch by descent, was territorially English; and the remaining competitors, with one or two exceptions, were unquestionably aliens. We are, however, ready to admit that, notwithstanding this interfusion of blood, the families of the higher nobility of Scotland, originally of Norman race, who were in constant intercourse with the English Court, must at this period have had far stronger English leanings than the lesser nobles or gentry.

The much-contested question of the English suzerainty is treated by Mr. Burton with much clearness and impartiality; and we confess ourselves unable to come to any conclusion but that at which he has arrived, that Scotland had up to 1292 been an independent kingdom. The chronicle evidence that has been adduced for the dependence of the Scots on the Anglo-Saxon monarchy and on William the Conqueror has been

carefully entered into by Mr. E. W. Robertson,¹ and shown to consist wholly of interpolations and misrepresentations. Mr. Burton takes his stand on the broader and not less satisfactory ground that the supposed acts of homage belong to a period before the feudal relations which such a transaction involved had an existence in Scotland. He contends that Sir Francis Palgrave's ingenious theory of an Anglo-Saxon duplicate of the Roman empire, of which the English king was the *Basileus*, while the Scottish king's position was analogous to that of an Elector, if it ever had existed in the imagination of any English king, was unheard of and unacknowledged in Scotland, where no interference of England in the affairs of the country would have been tolerated. Further, had such a prerogative existed, it could not have passed to William the Norman, unless his conquest had extended to Scotland as well as England. In fact, William the Conqueror and William Rufus had in King Malcolm, instead of a vassal, a very troublesome enemy, who aided and abetted the enterprises of the dethroned dynasty, and acted in such wise that, had the alleged vassalship really existed, the fief would have been forfeited times without number to the overlord. One authentic instance no doubt exists of homage paid for Scotland to a king of England, but it is the exception that proves the rule. William the Lion having in the course of a raid into England had the misfortune to be captured and taken to Falaise, Henry II. demanded and obtained, as the price of his liberation, an admission of feudal superiority; and homage was then and there paid by William for Scotland. But, fifteen years later, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, by a charter to William, formally cancelled the concessions made to Henry, a release which was in itself a sufficient answer to Edward's demand: and it is further clear that Henry's bargain with his captive would have been an absurd and unmeaning one had the prerogative of suzerainty been already his. Moreover,

¹ Scotland under her Early Kings, vol. ii. p. 385.

the relation of a vassal to his overlord in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was a very tangible matter, involving many unequivocal tokens of subjection, of which William and his nobility had ample experience while the treaty of Falaise was in force.

But to return to the competitors for the crown. The real struggle lay between Bruce and Baliol. Baliol, grandson of the elder daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, had *prima facie* a better claim than Bruce, the son of the younger daughter. But Bruce put forward a plea which deserves our notice, chiefly because it has been the means of misleading posterity. He averred that Alexander II., on the verge of life and despairing of issue, had, in the presence of the assembled nobles and clergy, appointed him, though son of the younger sister, heir to the crown in preference to Devorgoil, the daughter of the elder sister, who was then alive. On the strength of this plea, historians have taken it for granted that such a nomination did actually take place, and Mr. Burton brings it into his narrative at its supposed date. The whole transaction, however, can be shown to be purely mythical. Alexander II. was not in very advanced age, but only forty-three, when he had a son, born in 1241, afterwards Alexander III., the issue of his second marriage with Marie de Couci, which had taken place two years previously. Up to two years before that marriage there was a nearer heir-male, who could never have been postponed to either Devorgoil or Bruce, namely, John, surnamed Le Scot, Earl of Huntingdon and Chester, the maternal uncle of both.¹ There also existed all along a still nearer heir in the Princess Isabella, sister of Alexander II. and wife of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who is mentioned by Matthew Paris as alive four years after her brother's death.²

¹ He died, according to the contemporary authority of Matthew Paris, in 1237, under suspicion of poison.—*Historia Anglorum*, Rolls Edit., p. 398.

² Matthew Paris, *Historia Major*, Edit. 1645, p. 581.

Baliol, in whose favour Edward's award was pronounced, had no sooner done homage for his new kingdom than both he and the people of Scotland began to experience what feudal superiority actually meant; and it was plain that the Scots would not brook to be ruled by a servant of Edward. The decrees of the Scottish king and parliament were appealed to the English king and parliament, and Baliol, summoned to attend, was treated like a contumacious litigant. Indignity on indignity was heaped on the vassal-king, till at last the lord-paramount, having succeeded in goading him into rebellion, declared the fief to be forfeited. He thereupon marched into Scotland, sacked Berwick, then a city of merchant princes, put the inhabitants to the sword, and wantonly destroyed their property. This done, he made a progress northwards, forcing a brief allegiance from the subjugated people, and garrisoning the strongholds with Englishmen untainted with Scotch influences. The shame of their position, and the crushing weight of a military occupation, again called Scotland to arms; but the brief deeds of valour achieved under the leadership of Wallace led only to new and overwhelming inroads of the enemy, terminating in the execution of the Scottish hero, with every revolting adjunct of barbarity.

Wallace's fate was, however, a blunder of the first magnitude on the part of Edward, who knew not what an untameable people he had to do with. The bloody trophies dispersed through Scotland, in place of enforcing abject submission, deepened a thousand-fold the already existing hate, and provoked an unextinguishable longing for revenge. Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor, now threw himself into the cause, and found the country ready to make another effort to cast away its chains. The tidings that Scotland was once more in arms, and Bruce crowned at Scone, astounded the King of England. A mighty invasion followed, in which we for the first time find Norman barons who had taken part in the

revolt condemned to suffer the death of traitors. In the succeeding struggle, Bruce passed through difficulties and hardships innumerable, the country being meanwhile given over to slaughter, plundering, and famine, till at last the victory of Bannockburn sealed Scotland's independence, and restored to her a national life.

But while freedom had been achieved the country's resources were gone. Had quiet times followed, and an energetic ruler succeeded Robert Bruce, Scotland might ere long have recovered herself. But David II. was a child when his father died, and when he grew up he proved one of the weakest of Scotland's princes. Before the war of independence, many of the higher nobility owned large domains in both countries; and such of them as had sided with England had, as might be expected, forfeited their Scotch estates. These now rallied round Edward Baliol, and succeeded in seating him for a time on the throne. As the power of the Crown diminished, that of the nobility increased; and feuds breaking out among the leading nobles, kept the country in a state of civil war. Then there was a constant predatory warfare kept up with England in the form of border raids, the Scots making marauding incursions into Cumberland and Westmoreland, and carrying off what booty they could, while, as soon as the English attempted reprisals, they laid waste their own country to starve the enemy.

Regarding one curious episode of David's reign, the king's marriage with Margaret Logie, we find Mr. Burton falling into several of the mistakes of his predecessors. Margaret was not altogether so obscure or isolated a person as has been represented. She was a Logie, not, as generally said, by birth, but by marriage, and widow of the son of Sir John Logie of Logie, who suffered death in the preceding reign for a conspiracy to place Lord Soules on the throne. She was far from young, had been at least seven years a widow, and had a grown-up son. Queen Margaret and her son headed a powerful political faction, at

whose instigation the Stewarts were imprisoned for a time in Lochleven Castle. The story of Margaret's divorce, and the subsequent decrees in her favour by the Papal Court, doubtfully alluded to by Mr. Burton, are confirmed by State-paper evidence; and such an ascendancy had this remarkable woman acquired over the Pope and cardinals, that after her husband's death she brought Scotland to the verge of an excommunication, from which it was only saved by her opportune decease.¹

On David's death, the crown devolved on Robert II. the first king of the House of Stewart. We have it on the contemporary authority of Wyntoun, that immediately on his accession the Earl of Douglas, assuming an attitude of defiance, brought an armed force to Linlithgow, and that serious mischief would have resulted, had not the Earls of March and Moray interfered, and pacified Douglas by contriving a marriage between his son and the king's daughter.² We are not told what the cause of contention was; in those days of lawless disorder, a Douglas bearding his sovereign, especially a sovereign who had but yesterday been Steward of Scotland, was hardly an abnormal occurrence. Had the rhyming chronicler known or believed that Douglas claimed the crown for himself, or that he did so in right of a descent from the Comyns or Baliols, this was exactly a matter on which, with his passion for genealogy, he would have been sure to expatiate. Bower, writing a century later, makes an addition of this kind to the story,³ which

¹ See Riddell's "Peerage and Consistorial Law," pp. 981, 1048. The only evidence of which we are aware bearing on Margaret's parentage is that of her armorial seal appended to a document in the Record Office; and it inclines us to the belief that, like the wife of Robert III., she was a Drummond. A line of Logies of Logie, apparently sprung from her son, terminated a century later in an heiress, also a Margaret Logie, who married a younger son of the Earl of Erroll. The heirs of this marriage eventually succeeded to the earldom, and the present Earl of Erroll seems to be Queen Margaret's lineal descendant and representative. ² Wyntoun, ix. c. 1.

³ *Scotichronicon*, xiv. c. 36.

assumes a yet more definite shape in the hands of the historian of the Douglas family. Hume of Godscroft, writing in 1644, asserts that Douglas claimed through his mother Dornagilla, sister of the Red Comyn, and daughter of John Baliol's sister, a statement which, though often called in question, has been repeated by nearly all subsequent historians, including Mr. Tytler¹ and Mr. Burton. That the head of the family which had been the mainstay of Robert Bruce, and afterwards the chief supporter of David against Edward Baliol, should lay claim to the throne through the Baliols as against the heir of the Bruces would be, *a priori*, improbable enough. There is, however, positive evidence to disprove the genealogy. The Red Comyn's great grandson and lineal heir, David, Earl of Athole, was then alive, and in him any claim of Baliol representation that could be supposed to come through the Comyns must have vested. The mother of the Earl of Douglas, instead of being the fabled Dornagilla, was Beatrice, daughter of Sir David Lindsay of Crawford, and ancestress, through her second husband, of the house of Erskine.²

Mr. Burton goes so far as to suggest that in the Baliol descent may be found the key to the power wielded by the Douglas family under the Jameses, a theory in refutation of which we may further advert to the now perfectly ascertained fact that the third and all subsequent Earls of Douglas were descended, not from the brother of the good Sir James, who was supposed to have married Dornagilla Comyn, but illegitimately from Sir James himself.³

¹ Mr. Tytler further suggests that Douglas had also a claim through his wife, the Countess of Mar, who was grand-daughter of Alexander Baliol of Cavers. This Alexander was not, however, as he supposes, John Baliol's brother, but, if connected at all, a mere collateral, who could not benefit by the royal descent of King John through his mother.

² Wyntoun, viii. c. 3; Lord Lindsay's "Lives of the Lindsays," vol. i. p. 84.

³ There is direct charter evidence to prove that the third earl was natural son of good Sir James.—*Reg. Mag. Sigro.* ii. 56. Lord Hailes, though not aware of this, pointed out the im-

Genealogical considerations were, however, much mixed up with the events of the reigns of the earlier Stewarts. Robert I. had families by two different wives—Elizabeth Mure and Euphemia Ross; and, doubts having arisen about the legitimacy and right of succession of the first family, he made in 1373, with consent of the Estates, a settlement of the crown, calling the sons of the first marriage and their male issue first to the throne, then the sons of the second marriage and their male issue, whom failing, there was a remainder to his heirs whatsoever,¹ a settlement which, by the way, would have given John, Duke of Albany, had he survived James V., a preferable right to Queen Mary.

This entail of the crown did not, however, prevent intrigues in favour of the younger family. James I.'s jealousy of the descendants of Euphemia Ross probably led to his illegal seizure of the earldom of Strathern, belonging of right to Malise Graham, heir-of-line of the second marriage; and it was Walter, Earl of Athole, heir-male of the second marriage, that, in pursuance of his pretensions to the throne, organized the conspiracy to which James fell a victim.²

possibility of his being, as supposed by Hume of Godscroft, brother of the second earl.—*Annals*, iii. 263. Mr. Burton falls into another very common error in Douglas genealogy, in bastardizing the "Knight of Liddesdale," who was the legitimate representative of the branch of the House of Douglas from which the Earl of Morton is descended.

¹ Mr. Burton seems to have overlooked the terms of this entail of the crown, when he describes the succession as "adjusted to the hereditary line which genealogical lawyers say it ought to take without adjustment." This settlement, which all Scottish historians seem to ignore, is among the archives of the General Register House in Edinburgh, and has been printed in the Appendix to Robertson's "Index to Missing Charters." A previous settlement had been made by Robert II. in 1371 on the eldest son of his first marriage and his son, but going no further.

² One would have thought all dangers to the Stewarts from this source would have been at an end by the seventeenth century. But as late as 1630, William, Earl of Menteith, lineal heir of the second family, procured himself to be served heir to David, Earl of Strathern, eldest son of Euphemia Ross; and at the same

During the whole reign of the irreluctant and unwarlike Robert III. as well as for fourteen years after his death, the real ruler was his brother Robert, Duke of Albany, whose talent and strength of will enforced some degree of order on the unruly barons, while his energy, well seconded by the Earl of Mar, saved the country from an irruption of Highlanders that threatened to reduce it to absolute barbarism. To the vigour of his administration it seems also to have been due that no attempt was made to assert the supposed rights of the family of Euphemia Ross, and Scotland was thus saved the misery of a second contested succession. Albany has, nevertheless, left a bad repute in history; and popular belief brands him with the murder of his nephew, the Duke of Rothesay. Mr. Burton speaks somewhat guardedly about this murder, which certainly rests on a slighter foundation of evidence than is generally supposed. Albany undoubtedly took a prominent part in the arrest and imprisonment of the heir apparent, a proceeding which may have been justified by the circumstances, and was certainly approved of by the king. Wyntoun, who was a contemporary of the event, mentions the Duke of Rothesay's death without a word about foul play.¹ Bower says he died of dysentery, "or, as others say, of starvation;"² and in another passage he denounces the Earl of Athole as the real instigator of the

time, probably rather from foolish vanity than ambition, solemnly renounced his right to the crown of Scotland. Visionary as one would have supposed that right to be, the idea of it so alarmed Charles I. that he insisted on a reduction of the service, which was set aside on the notoriously false pretext that David, Earl of Strathern, died without issue. The Earl of Menteith was degraded from the important offices which he held of Justice-General, President of the Council, and Lord of Session; and the greatest anxiety was evinced by the king to efface all vestige of evidence that the service had ever taken place. The representation of the family of Euphemia Ross passed in more recent times to the well-known Captain Barclay Allardice of Ury. He also claimed the Earldom of Strathern; but we never heard that his claim gave any uneasiness to the House of Hanover.

¹ Wyntoun, viii. c. 12.

² *Scotichronicon*, xv. c. 12.

murder.¹ There was a parliamentary investigation into the circumstances of Rothesay's confinement and death, in which he was found to have died of natural causes, and a remission was granted to Albany and Douglas for their share in his arrest and imprisonment,—acts which, though justifiable morally, might in strict law be interpreted as treason. Whether Albany was guilty or innocent, the sensational details adopted in the "Fair Maid of Perth" rest on no better authority than the vivid fancy of the fabulous annalist, Hector Boece, who farther assures us that notable miracles were wrought by the prince's corpse, but ceased as soon as his death was avenged by James I.

Albany's son, Duke Murdoch, who succeeded him in the regency, had none of his father's administrative capacity, and under him the kingdom again relapsed into a state of unlicensed anarchy, which lasted till the return of James I. from his English captivity. James no sooner assumed the reins of government, than he showed himself resolved to put down the disorders of the time with a high hand. In this he was in great measure successful; but his own acts often showed too little regard for the even-handed justice which he would have had others respect. It is impossible to vindicate his execution of the unoffending Duke Murdoch and his sons,² and the arbitrary confiscations by which he endeavoured to break the power of the leading nobility. James's assassination was, however, not the act of the offended nobles, nor yet of Robert Graham, who appeared most prominently in it, but of Walter, Earl of Athole, son of Euphemia Ross, the rival claimant of the throne, who, craftily keeping in the background, put forward Graham as his tool.³ The foul deed excited universal

¹ *Scotichronicon*, xvi. c. 27.

² The youngest son was not, as Mr. Burton says, put to death with the rest. He escaped to Ireland, and became progenitor of the Irish Earls of Castle Stuart and Scottish Earls of Moray.

³ The evidence of contemporary documents puts it beyond doubt that the conspiracy was organized by the Earl of Athole. Mr. Burton, while inclined to take the view above expressed, suggests as a difficulty that it was not

execration, and prompt vengeance was done on the murderers, the arch-conspirator Athole being executed with every refinement of mediæval torture, and with a mock crown of iron on his head, in allusion to his pretensions.

A long period of misrule followed: indeed the history of Scotland for the next hundred years presents an almost unvarying spectacle of feuds, struggles, and plots, the powerful of the land committing the most heinous crimes unpunished, and alternately making a tool of their sovereign and setting him at defiance. Four Jameses in turn came to the throne in childhood, and had no sooner arrived at man's estate than they were cut off by a more or less tragic death.

Most prominent among the nobles were the Earls of Douglas, who had revenues equal to those of the Crown, kept large trains of armed followers ready to obey their commands, created knights, and made a sort of mimic parliament of their baronial courts. They were for a time Dukes of Touraine in France, a position almost more brilliant than that of King of Scotland. Their influence, like that of the Hamiltons at a later date, was not a little increased by intermarriages with the royal house, which put them in the position of possible heirs to the throne. There was a high-bred chivalry in their character, that would not stoop to meanness or treachery; and, if they at times overawed the Crown, the Crown when it had the power was little scrupulous in

Athole, but Malise Graham, grandson by a daughter of Athole's deceased brother, who would have been the heir had James been disqualified. The answer is to be found in the leaning which existed towards male descent in the royal succession, as exhibited in the above-mentioned settlement of 1373, and also in the settlement by Robert Bruce in 1314, on his brother and his heirs male in preference to his daughter. Further, if the infant James II. could have been got rid of, the entail of 1373 left no one between Athole and the crown except the proscribed and expatriated son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany. The execution of Duke Murdoch and his sons is said by Bower to have been instigated by Athole, who probably aimed at extinguishing the heirs male of Elizabeth Mure.—*Scotichronicon*, Edit. Goodall, vol. ii. p. 503.

the way in which it attempted to get rid of them. The guardians of James II. with great show of courtesy invited the sixth Earl of Douglas, a boy of fifteen, and his brother, on a friendly visit to Edinburgh Castle: and, while partaking of the royal hospitality in unsuspecting security, the two brothers were seized, put through a mock trial, and beheaded on the spot. The eighth earl was in like manner lured to the Court at Stirling under the protection of a safe-conduct by James II. himself, now grown up. He came without misgiving, and was received with every distinction; but after supper the king, breaking out into reproaches, drew his dagger and stabbed him. This murder called all Scotland to arms, to arbitrate between the Crown and the Douglasses. The king was victorious, partly through the aid of the Earl of Angus, a scion of the Douglas family, whose prudent adherence to the royal cause procured him a grant of the forfeited estates of his kinsman. The Earls of Angus were soon as formidable as the elder branch of the house had been; but we miss in them the noble attributes of the Earls of Douglas. The fifth Earl of Angus, known in history as "Archibald Bell-the-Cat," intrigued with England to transfer the crown from James III. to Alexander, Duke of Albany, his brother, and headed two rebellions, the latter of which ended fatally for James at Sauchieburn. The reign of James IV. was somewhat less troubled than usual: the king dealt with the nobles with more tact than his predecessors, and the nobles lived in comparative harmony with one another. In the absence of external hostilities, peaceful pursuits were beginning to be thought of, and a period of prosperity, plenty, and comfort seemed dawning. But alas! these fair prospects came to a doleful ending at Flodden: and in the minority of James V. the Douglas power was again nearly supreme. The sixth Earl of Angus, husband of the Queen Dowager, obtaining possession of the person of the king, filled every office of trust in the kingdom with his relations and dependants. James, at last escaping from his custody, swore that

as long as he lived no Douglas should have a place in the realm; and he kept his word.

The violence and ferocity of the times were doubtless a direct result of the long-continued wars with England, which absorbed Scotland's resources too completely to allow her the means of social progress. Then the bulk of the population had been trained to fight the common foe under the banner of their chiefs; and, when a cessation of hostilities came, we need not wonder that they were more ready to turn their swords against the enemies of their lord than to beat them into ploughshares.

It is rather those who are the curse than those who are the salt of society that are apt to become prominent in a rude age: and we cannot doubt that, along with the feuds and contentions of which we read so much, there co-existed an undercurrent of virtue, happiness, and cultivation. The gentry probably led a more peaceful and civilized life than the higher nobles; and from the days of the disputed succession they were certainly more unswervingly true to their country's cause. The power of the nobles relatively to the Crown was on the whole rather beneficial than otherwise, being a wholesome barrier, and the only one that circumstances admitted, against a purely despotic rule. The burgesses had been from the days of Robert Bruce a branch of the *communitas*, though they had never been classed, as in England, in the same estate with the lesser barons: these last formed in Scotland a part of the estate of the nobles. After the war of independence, however, the burgess element had dwindled into insignificance. The towns had been burnt and plundered, and the unsettled state of the country was unfavourable to such pursuits as commerce and manufactures. In other countries we find the citizens taking up an antagonistic position to the nobility; but this was not the case in Scotland, where they habitually looked up to the nobles as their natural friends and protectors. Most of the towns had grown up under the castle of some powerful lord, on whom, or one of his family, the

chief magistracy was supposed naturally to devolve. In feudal Scotland there was indeed no contest of class against class.

It must not be overlooked how many practically useful laws were enacted amid the din of wars and conflicts. The peasant had a fixity of tenure bestowed on him, and acts were framed to check all sorts of feudal abuses. There was a strong wide-spread sense of the propriety of even-handed justice between man and man without regard to social status, not very comprehensible to the French knights that were occasional visitants, who marvelled at the recognition of any civil rights among persons of inferior rank. Mr. Burton directs our attention to a remarkable negative feature of Scottish legislation, that, while powers that could be put to practical use were freely conferred, there is not a trace of those merely invidious privileges and exemptions which tend to set one portion of the community against another. In the meetings of Parliament there was always a tie of common interest between the king and the estates, in the necessity for vigilance against the enemy: and the few parliamentary conflicts between the Crown and nobles of which any trace has been left generally arose out of a suspicion of the king being in too close amity with England. Mr. Buckle's notion that the Crown and nobles of Scotland occupied markedly hostile positions during the whole feudal era must be received with considerable limitation: something like this was at times the case; but many of the contests in which the Crown was engaged were less with the nobles generally than with the power of one particular family: and the disorders of the country arose far more from the contentions of one faction of nobles against another, than from those of the nobles as a class against the Crown. That a sentiment of constitutional loyalty pervaded feudal Scotland is shown by the unbroken hereditary succession of the sovereigns, notwithstanding the weakness of the executive: the heir of the throne, however young or feeble, was always acknowledged, in theory at least, as monarch of the country.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ARTHUR DEALS WITH KRIEGSTHURM'S ASSASSINS.

ARTHUR, with his two pleasant companions, James and Reginald, went pleasantly on southward past Coblenz, past Heidelberg, Stuttgart, to Munich, where perforce there was a little delay. Arthur was for pushing on as quickly as possible, and indeed grumbled good-humouredly at being taken so far eastward at all; but the boys were too strong for him. They had made the acquaintance of Kaulbach at the Apollinaris Kirche, and also in the Cathedral windows at Cologne; and they were determined to go to the home of the man whom, after Landseer and Tenniel, they placed as the greatest living master in Europe. They talked Kaulbach, and imitated him, Arthur, with a calm smile always in his face, laughing at them, and measuring their human figures with an inexorable pair of compasses which he had, greatly to their discomfiture.

"If you can draw the human figure correctly and rapidly at thirty, boys," he used to say, "you will be able to do as much as any Englishman, save six, can. Patience and work first; freedom afterwards. Nevertheless, go it! This man's right leg is longer than his left, but it will shorten in time. There are men at the top of the tree who can't for the life of them draw a man's legs of the same length. So go it. Who knows what you may do by hard work? You may be able to draw as well as a fourth-class Frenchman some day. Go it!"

They were thoroughly happy these three on this journey, and they took notes of one another to their mutual surprise.

Arthur took note of James, and came

to the conclusion that James was the finest lad of his age he had ever met. "It is not his personal beauty," he argued, "because, as a rule, handsome boys are a parcel of useless nuisances. It is not that he is a clever and brilliant boy, because in the first place he is not particularly either of those things; and if he was, clever and brilliant boys are more utterly intolerable nuisances than handsome ones. It is not that he is amiable. Amiable boys are as great a pest as any kind of boy; they are always in debt and in scrapes, and, what is worst of all, popular; and a popular boy will ruin the best school in England. And you never get rid of them by scholarships or exhibitions: they hang on your hands till they are twenty; and, when old Father Time gets rid of them for you at last, they leave their personal habits behind them as school traditions: Old Tom and Old Bob in these days are quoted as precedents in the management of the school. There is the memory of a popular boy to put a spoke in every new wheel you try to set turning. If I ever went schoolmastering again, I would keep no boy after seventeen, and would write to any boy's father as soon as I saw that he was getting popular. This boy Sugden has debauched that school; and I don't at all wonder at it, for he is really the finest fellow of his age I ever met. He will be quoted against the new head-master, whoever he may be, with effect. I don't know what there is about the lad; I suppose he is good."

Arthur, of course, never dreamt that he was his own nephew: only four people knew that as yet. May I call the reader's attention to this fact?—Silcote's extremely slight attentions to James had all taken place before Silcote

knew that James was his own grandson. Rumour, dealing with an unaccountable man like the Squire, had developed these few growling attentions into a theory that Silcote would make him his heir. Lord Hainault, surely a safe man, entirely believed this preposterous fiction. To worship properly the goddess Fama you must live in the country. She gets pretty well worshipped in town, at clubs and in drawing-rooms; but her temples are in the counties.

"Reginald," mused Arthur further, "is an ass. The only redeeming point in him is his respect and love for this peasant boy James. And the most unfortunate part of the business is, that now dear old Algy is dead it is more than probable that Reginald will be made heir. And he will marry that silly little brimstone Anne. Confound it! all the property shan't go like that. There has been sin enough and bother enough in getting it together and keeping it together. There is some sentimental feeling my father has toward Algy's mother, which will come into play now the dear old boy is dead. And he will leave everything to Reginald on condition of his marrying Anne. I wish to heaven that this James Sugden was a Silcote and heir.

"But I will not stand this," he added aloud, rising up and pacing the fifth room of their long suite of apartments at Munich. "No," he went on, throwing open the door and bursting into the fourth room—"I will be heir myself sooner. He offered the place to me once. I will hold him to his bargain."

Kriegsthum and the Princess never were further at sea than he was just now. His wits were somewhat got together by noticing that James was sitting upon the floor, and his painting tools were scattered far and wide.

"What is the matter, James?" he asked. "Why, I was just thinking of you!"

"I should hardly have thought it, sir," said James, laughing. "You have knocked me and my apparatus over so cleverly that I should have thought that you were thinking of some one else."

"Did I knock you over?" asked Arthur, earnestly.

"Well, with the assistance of the door you did, sir."

"I am extremely sorry, my dear boy," said Arthur, anxiously. "I was in hopes that these fits of half-unconscious absence were entirely gone; but I am getting the better of them, decidedly. This must be the very last of them. Let me help you to pick up your paints. You should not have sat so near the door, and I should not have opened it so quickly. We were both in the wrong."

"I sat there for the light, sir."

"Then you are in the right and I am in the wrong. I will make amends. I consent to go to Salzburg without further opposition: out of our way as it is."

"You are very kind, sir. I *did* want to see it so much."

James on his part noticed with wonder several things about Arthur. His irritability was gone; that was the first thing. Moreover, he never dictated, but consulted quietly with James, sometimes even with Reginald, and yielded easily. His old rapid vivacious activity had given place to a quiet contemplative habit of body and mind. He was, for the first time in his life, tolerant of inactivity, and seemed to like it. He was tolerant of trifles,—nay, began to be interested in them. James, for instance, got himself a wonderful waistcoat at Munich, which had to be altered, and Arthur took the deepest interest in the alteration. He began to talk to casual people at the *cafés*, and found them out to be the most wonderful people ever seen or heard of. He told James that gardening was a neglected art, and that he certainly should take it in hand as soon as he got to England again; bought Reine Marguerite and stock seeds, and packed them off to Silcotes to the gardener, with many directions, regardless of expense. He was going to learn to paint (under James's directions), he was going to shoot, he was going to fish, all quietly and in good time, with the best advice (as he

was before he went to Boppart, he would have consulted Blaine's "Encyclopædia" over night, and ridden a steeplechase next morning). At present his principal employment was the learning of military tactics, because "James had promised to take him to the war."

A change indeed: but what wonder? He was a man of keen vivacious intellect, with as much wish to enjoy life as he had when he used to run with the boats at Oxford years ago, when he, and Algy, and Tom were young and innocent. The doctors had condemned him to death; and he had got his reprieve. He was young, and had begun once more to love life and what life can give most dearly; and that new-found love had softened and changed him. James was painting away finely one day. Piloty and Kaulbach were to look to their laurels. The son of Mrs. Tom Silcote was not likely to be balked by want of audacity, or tiresome attention to such little matters as correct drawing. In three close days, James had produced a really fine historical picture (barring drawbacks, such for instance as that no dealer would have given five pounds for it, and that all the legs and arms were odd ones). There was no sky; but the Roman amphitheatre, with tier after tier of almost innumerable spectators, was piled up to the top of the canvas. Close to you, divided from the arena by a deep space of boarding, lolled the Roman emperor; fat, gross, and in purple, looking with a lazy drunken leer at what was passing in the scene below in the foreground. Behind him was dandy Petronius smoothing his beard, and looking at nothing; and others, not to be mentioned here, but with whom every schoolboy who has handled Lemprière, the first book generally put into his hand, is perfectly familiar. In the extreme foreground of this picture of James's were two boys, Christians, condemned to the lions, one about eighteen, the other about sixteen. The elder, with a short sword drawn back behind his hip, was looking at *you*, with parted lips, ready for battle, while

his brother cowered behind him in utter ghastly terror. Between you and them, on the sand, was the shadow of a crouching lion. *You* were the lion: despair and terror were close to you in these handsome lads; above them were the unutterable luxury and vice described by Suetonius (if he lies not) in the person of the Emperor and Sporus; beyond, tier after tier, the wicked cruel old world, which exists now only in Spain, and in the colonies of the Latin races which still exist in America; and which, since the failure of the Mexican expedition, seem happily in an evil case.

"That is very fine," said Arthur. "I give you credit for great genius. Piloty would have drawn better, but he could not have conceived better. Will you give me this?"

"Of course I will, sir, heartily."

"Now for some flake white and me-gilp; Roberson's medium, hey? Well, I am agreeable." And so, with flake white and Roberson's medium, he daubed the whole thing out.

"It was hardly such a 'bung' as to deserve that, sir," said James, quietly.

"It [was no 'bung,'" said Arthur; "only try another subject next time."

"I learnt that at school, sir."

"Then forget it. You would never have attempted this picture if you had not come to Munich. Let us go on to Salzburg at once, and get your foolish will accomplished there. After that, mind, we go inexorably south-westward."

"I will follow you, sir."

"Change the conversation. What do you like best?"

James, very much alarmed after the destruction of his picture lest the old Arthur should have returned, and the new Arthur have been only a deceiving fiend sent to lure him to his destruction, replied,—

"That is a very difficult question to answer, sir."

"But you can answer it, surely, my boy. I only asked for what you liked best; surely you can answer that."

"Well," said James, speaking to the

new Arthur, "I consider Mayduke cherries as fine as anything. Speaking about this part of the world, I should say that the vanilla ices which Reg. and I had at Aix-la-Chapelle, washed down with Bairischer, were as good as anything."

"Heaven help his stomach. Ices and small beer! You'll be grey at forty!" exclaimed Arthur. "How ill were you at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Not very. I felt as if I had been drinking out of the bloodhounds' pan at Silcotes, and swallowed the brimstone; but that was the waters. Also I dreamt for the next fortnight that I had stolen a sitting of rotten eggs, and eaten them: that was also the waters. Reg. shut up, and had the doctor."

"After the ices and beer?"

"Exactly," said James.

"What I want to get at is this," said Arthur. "You enjoy life. What is it which makes life so enjoyable to you?"

"I have no idea," said James.

"You must have some sort of an idea. You are not a fool. Think."

"Well," said James, after a pause. "I should say 'hope.' Hope of generally bettering myself: of rising higher some time or another. Succeeding in art, and rising to the position of having a house of my own—and—all that sort of thing."

"I want to learn how to enjoy life," said Arthur. "It seems to me that no one could tell me better than yourself. As I understand you, your way of enjoying life is to wrap yourself up in yourself, and think only of your own personal advancement. I suppose you are right. Yet I am disappointed."

"You are quite wrong," said James: "I have no self. All that I think, attempt, or do, is done for another, and she is alone, nearly friendless, I doubt, and for aught I know penniless. I——"

"There, no more of it," said Arthur. "I understand there is another, then. That is all I wanted to know; never mind sentimental details. You would not enjoy life if there was not a chance of some one else enjoying it with you. I have heard all I wanted. Now for

Salzburg to-morrow, for I want to get down to the war, and we shall be late."

They had been three days at Salzburg, when Arthur, sitting quietly in his chair and reading, had, like a vast number of other men in a vast number of other stories, his attention called to a knock at the door, whereupon he called out, "Come in."

There entered a pale, beardless man of about thirty-five, dressed in plain black. Arthur had time to notice that this man had very steady and beautiful eyes, before he rose from his seat and bowed deferentially to him.

The stranger bowed low also, and spoke in English, and not very good English either, using however the universal French title, as being the safest. "Monsieur, I think, labours under a mistake as to my social rank. I beg Monsieur to be seated, as I only come as a suitor, asking a favour."

"You have got a beautiful tender face of your own, Mr. Sir," thought Arthur, as he seated himself with a bow; "your wife did not want much wooing, I fancy."

And the stranger said, also to himself, "You are a fine-looking man, my pale, beardless priest. Twelve such as you among us would make twelve or thirteen crowns shake. Kriegsthum never reckoned on you."

Arthur began by saying pleasantly, "I am at your commands, sir."

"I understand, sir," said Boginsky, "that you wish to go south to the war. I come to offer my services as courier, factotum, valet, what you will."

"We never contemplated engaging the services of a gentleman in any of those capacities," replied Arthur. "We intend to go as mere happy-go-lucky Englishmen, see what we can, and imagine what we can't. I really think that we do not want you."

"I really think that you do," said Boginsky. "You are absolutely ignorant of military matters. I am a soldier, a general who has commanded a brigade; I will not at present say a division. I speak every language spoken in the Austrian army; you

certainly do not. I am safe by an Austrian police passport on this side of the soon-to-be-changed boundary; as soon as we are in Italy I am at home, Hungarian as I am, with the meanest man in the army. I am extremely poor, which is in your favour (unless you commit the error of paying me too highly, and so making me independent of you): I am very amiable and good-natured, which is in your favour also; I am (personally, not politically) quite desperate, which is again in your favour; and, what is more in your favour than all, I like your personal appearance, and you like mine."

"You tempt me," said Arthur, fairly laughing. "As a general rule, I find that this plain, outspoken boldness, with a specimen of which you have just favoured me, is the inseparable accident (to go no further) of a low rogue, who possesses the moral qualities of impudence and physical courage. You accuse me of liking your personal appearance. I confess it. I want, however, further tempting. May I ask, for instance, how a high-bred gentleman like yourself finds himself in this position?"

"You have not dabbled, then, with political changes, tending to democracy?"

"Theoretically, yes; practically, no," replied Arthur. "I have knocked together as many constitutions as Sièyes, if that is any use to you."

"Yes; but it is not, you know," said Boginsky. "In England and America, all that sort of thing may be done uncommonly cheap. Men in England, for instance, of the aristocratic class, who live by social distinctions, or at least get all their prestige from them, habitually take this tiger kitten of democracy into their drawing-rooms, and call it pretty dear, and say, 'Was there ever such a pretty, harmless kitten in this world?' When the tiger-kitten grows to a real tiger, and shows its nails, if they stroke its velvet pads, these men say, 'Out on the nasty, ungrateful beast!' and thank God that they are Whigs. I speak, I tell you fairly, as a headlong democrat,—as a man

who, whether right or wrong, believes that universal democracy is only a matter of time, and as a man who has sacrificed marriage, wealth, home, friends, position, for my idea, knowing well all the time that I should be dead and rotten in my grave years before my idea had become realized."

Arthur rose and stood before the man, and bowed his head in sheer respect to him. Here was a man with a faith; a faith which, unluckily, as he thought at first, brought a new Gospel with it; but afterwards he asked himself whether or no it was not the real old Gospel after all. How he settled this matter is no possible business of mine. I am not Arthur Silcote's keeper.

Boginsky went on. "I have said too much possibly, possibly too little. Let it go. You ask me how a nobleman like myself found myself in this position, and I answer by challenging you to air the mildest and most innocent of your Sièyes constitutions on the continent of Europe. You said also that you wanted further tempting; I cannot tempt you further. You aroused the devil or the angel in me somehow, and I have no further courtesies to interchange with you. I make you once more the offer that I should go to the war with you in a menial capacity. I like you and your looks, but I am getting weary of life."

"Come with us, then," said Arthur; "come frankly and heartily. We are rich, ignorant, and perhaps Philistine; certainly indiscreet by taking you, of whom we know nothing, except that you are a dangerous conspirator. Join us, not as a servant, but as a companion. We of course pay all expenses; and, as for any extra honorarium, you had better leave that to one of the Silcotes, possibly the most extravagant and open-handed family in England, according to their lights and their means. The bargain is struck?"

"Certainly."

"Then there is one other little detail to which I wish to call your attention. I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Boginsky."

"What Boginsky?" said Arthur, in wonder.

"The younger Boginsky himself. No other."

Arthur, who had been standing up until now, sank back in his chair and took up his book. "Come and take off my boots, General," he said. "Let it be written on my tomb, that he had his boots taken off by the most brilliant guerilla democratic general in Europe. So this is what continental democracy brings a man to! My dear Count, have you dined?"¹

"I really have not," said Boginsky. "But I have got so very much used to hunger, among other things, that I can well wait. After I have served your dinner for you, I shall be glad of the scraps."

"Don't speak to me like that again, Count," said Arthur, sharply. "I beg you to remember that there are such animals still left in the world as English gentlemen. You are our guest from this moment. If I have offended you by my coarse insular jest of asking you to take my boots off, I have only to say that it was, through its utter incongruity, the highest compliment which my stupidity suggested to me. Take my book, sir, and make yourself comfortable. I will go after dinner, and try to find out when my two erratic boys are likely to be at home." And so he went.

Boginsky sat, and began looking at his book, but not reading it. "That man is a gentleman," he said after a time. "And he will make a gentleman of me again. God help me. I have risen very high. I have given up every-

thing: name, fame, life, position, and the power of doing good, I fear, also. Yet I have fallen very low; I have taken Austrian money from Kriegsturm: and I have offered to be this man's valet. No man of the present generation will be alive to see democracy on its legs. Garibaldi goes for monarchy. It is very hard. The forty years in the desert shadowed it out to us. Frangipanni will see his will worked out; he will see Italy united under a bull-faced Sardinian chamois-hunter. But as for the poor democrats—I wonder whether we shall be conscious of what goes on after death. I should like to see the old cause triumph. But then again I would sooner die the second death, and be annihilated utterly,—cease to be, if that were possible,—than see it beaten. I am mazed with it all. Suppose we got it and it failed!

"This gentle Englishman is gone after his boys. I will read my book then: Edmund About. You will not do much for us, or such as you. Our heads are weary, and some of us are getting fierce. 'Sans compter le petit Mortara.' That is very good, and makes one laugh, though one wishes one's work was done and that one were dead. We shan't get much out of you French, at least if your opposition is led by Thiers, whose own mild democracy means mere French aggrandizement."

When Arthur came back he found him walking thoughtfully up and down the room. "I have something very particular and important to say to you, Mr. Silcote," he said.

Arthur was all attention.

"I wish to tell you, sir, to what I owe the honour of your acquaintance. From one reason or another I found myself, but a few days ago, in extreme poverty and considerable danger at Vienna; I accepted a mission to this place which gave me safety and a little money. I was commissioned to seek your *protégé* Sugden here, and involve him with the police."

"And you accepted this mission?" said Arthur with emphasis.

¹ This is bold, but not impossible. If the reader had seen the younger Boginsky where I saw him, he would know it: one says nothing of Frangipanni, still less of Napoleon at Ham. Yet things are distinctly better for unsuccessful continental politicians than they were. Mont St. Michel itself has become a sentimental show place, where idle contributors to this Magazine may get themselves shut up in dungeons, and, what is still better, get let out again by knocking at the door. In England, America, and, last and most glorious, in Italy (of all places in the world), unsuccessful continental politicians are *safe*.

"I do not look much like a deceiver of youth," said Boginsky, laughing. "I accepted the mission lest a worse man might be sent on it. But I would hardly have thought it necessary to speak to you on the subject had it not been that I have too much reason to fear that the plot against this innocent youth has developed into something much darker and fouler than merely involving him with the police; and that it is my duty to warn you against what may be a very serious disaster."

Arthur sat down and watched him intently.

"The man who sent me has evidently distrusted me, and sent another to watch me. Kriegsthum is losing his head, or he would never have made the mistake of sending a lad whom I *know* to watch me. Had I ever intended to carry out his intentions, this act of his of setting a spy on me would have absolved me from my engagement with him. Will you come to the window with me?"

They went. Boginsky pointed to a figure lying lazily on a bench under some linden-trees,—the figure of a handsome olive-complexioned youth tolerably well dressed, lying in a beautiful careless artistic attitude, with his face turned towards their house.

"That young man," said Boginsky, "is a young Roman democrat, known to me, although my person is unknown to him. I have gathered from him that he is commissioned by Kriegsthum to watch your young friend James Sugden, and to report on all our proceedings. He came to Vienna in the suite of Miss Heathton, the travelling governess of Miss Anne Silcote. He was abruptly discharged from their suite, because he was unable to keep to himself his frantic admiration for Miss Silcote. The man who commissioned him, Kriegsthum, has inflamed his mind to madness by telling him that Miss Anne Silcote is devotedly attached to this Paris apple of a boy James. The young dog is a worthless member of a good Roman family, among whose family traditions is assassination. Whether he carries

knives or Orsini bombs I cannot say; but he has a nasty dangerous look about the eyes. I only know that if I saw him handling anything like a black cricket-ball, with ten or a dozen short spikes on it, I should shout 'Orsini!' run down the street, and never stop till I got round the next corner."

"Do you mean to say there is a probability of his murdering James?"

"No, not a probability, but an absolute certainty," said Boginsky. "I rather think that I am included in the black list myself."

"If it were not for your shrewd face and your calm quiet eyes, I should think that you were mad," said Arthur. "This is going to see the war with a vengeance. But I cannot make head or tail of the story yet. What possible cause of anger can this Kriegsthum have against James?"

"Kriegsthum *inter alia* is right-hand man to your aunt the Princess Castelnovo. He was her confidant in some old political plots, and in other things of which I cannot speak to you, you being her nephew and a gentleman. She is devoted to your brother Thomas, and wishes to see him in possession of the family estates. Kriegsthum's interest is, of course, the same as that of Colonel Silcote your brother, of whom again, as your brother, I wish to speak with the profoundest respect. I only speak of Kriegsthum. Kriegsthum is apt to be unscrupulous at times (he could have stopped Orsini, but did not), and this boy, James Sugden, stands alone between the inheritance of the estates and Colonel Silcote. Consequently Kriegsthum wishes him out of the way. And so you have a noble young Roman lying on a bench in front of your door, with knives in his boots, and, for anything I know, explosive black cricket-balls covered with percussion spikes in his coat pockets. If he were to tumble off that bench now, and exploding his bombs to go off in a flame of fire, I might be pleased, but should not be in the least surprised. A British newspaper would

describe it as a 'remarkable accident,' and a British jury would bring in a verdict as 'Death by the visitation of God.' But I have suffered by continental politics, and understand them. That young man is dangerous."

"You ought all to be in Bedlam together," bounced out Arthur. "James Sugden the next in succession! Why, he is a peasant boy born near the park-gates! My father, who hates boys beyond measure, has never interchanged fifty words with him altogether. I am my father's heir. I, who speak, come into entire possession of three-fourths of the whole property at my father's death. I objected to the arrangement, but he has persisted in it, and I have a letter upstairs from my father's lawyer assuring me of the fact; written, I believe, by my father's orders, in consequence of some old and worthless papers having been stolen from his bedroom by his servants. The boy Sugden has no more to do with my father's will than you have, and the rogue Kriegsthum must be mad."

"There you spoke right, sir," said Boginsky; "there you spoke very well indeed. Our good old Kriegsthum has lost his head, and with his head his morality political, and other. I have feared it for some time; and I dread that what you say is too true. He has been going wrong for some time. His principles were really sound and democratic at one time, but he got debauched. He trimmed too much. I noticed, years ago, that he was in possession of the arguments of our opponents, and could state them logically,—a fatal thing in politics; then I noticed that he would talk, and even eat and drink, with aristocrats,—a still more fatal fact against him. It was followed, of course, by his taking to charlatanism, to table-rapping, and spirit-calling; and ended, of course, by his being involved with the great authors of all confusion, the Silcotes. Poor old Kriegsthum! He has lost his head by plotting without principle. Dear old fellow! I must write to Frangipanni about him. Frangipanni has a great deal of influence

with him. Poor old Kriegsthum! I am so sorry for him."

"Yet he compassed your death," said Arthur, looking keenly into Boginsky's face, and thinking, "I wish I had *your* face."

Boginsky, looking at Arthur, and thinking, "I wish I was like you," replied, "This is a mere matter of detail. Kriegsthum is a man who acts from settled rules. I interfered with his plans, and he wished me removed. You would hardly object to him for that, would you?"

"But," said Arthur, aghast, "if I interfered with your plans for the regeneration of the human race, you would not murder me, would you?"

"I!" said Boginsky, "certainly not. I hold that it is utterly indefensible for one man to take another man's life. I hold that the taking of human life in any way, judicial or not judicial, is the greatest sin which a man can commit."

"Yet you defended Vienna, and fought with your own right hand, and slew. Did you not commit the great sin then?"

"True," said Boginsky, "I sinned in defending Vienna, forasmuch as I took human life. But the virtue of the defence counterbalanced the sin of the slaughter of my fellow-men. Are you so insularly stupid as not to see that? Besides, it often becomes necessary to commit a great crime to practise a noble piece of virtue: in which case the greater the crime the greater the virtue."

At this astounding piece of logic and ethics Arthur gave a great gasp, and stood staring at him in dismay. He would fain have argued with him, but the heresy was too vast and too amorphous to begin on. There was, as he afterwards expressed it, no right end to it, no handle, and so it was impossible to say where to take hold of it.

"Well, there is no doubt about one thing, sir," he said. "We owe you a very great obligation, and will try to repay it. We will concert measures for our young friend's safety."

"We will discuss the matter, sir,"

said Boginsky. "Remember, only, please, that to compromise him here is to compromise me. Meanwhile we will talk over our route. I will undertake to keep my eye on the young Roman gentleman."

They talked for an hour, and decided to go towards Turin. The route was extremely difficult, which was a great recommendation.

At the end of the hour Boginsky took his departure to make arrangements. Arthur, looking out of the window, and seeing the noble Roman still on the bench, began dimly to realize that he was actually in foreign parts, and that this young man, with his potential knives and Orsini bombs, was not only a reality, but an intolerable nuisance to be at once abated.

"I wish you were on a bench in Christchurch Meadow, my dear young friend," he thought, "and that I was proctor. I have sent as good men as you down for a year for half as much. Hang it," he continued aloud, "I'll try it; I'll proctorize him. I will, upon my word and honour. If he shies one of his petards at me, I am cricketer enough to catch it. I never was a butter-fingers, though a bad batter. If he tries his knives on me, I will punch his head. I'll proctorize him!"

Whether to go close to him to avoid his petards, or to keep away from him to avoid his knives, he could not in the least degree decide. He ended by pursuing the old English (and French) method of laying himself yardarm to the enemy, and boarding him suddenly. He went straight up to our apparently slumbering young friend, shook him by the shoulder, and said roughly and loudly in French, which will be better given in vernacular than with his pedantic ill-translated Oxfordisms—

"Get up, sir! How dare you lie here? What do you mean, you miserable young assassin, by watching a subject of Her Britannic Majesty in this scandalous manner? I am a *civis Romanus*, sir, with all the power of the British empire at my back."

The startled youth staggered to his

feet, and put his right hand under his jacket.

"Don't attempt anything of the sort, sir," said Arthur, perfectly aware that he was in extreme danger of his life, but perfectly cool, and blundering between rusty French and proctorial recollections. "I shall permit nothing of the sort for a moment, sir. I shall write to your father, sir."

"Who are you, and what authority have you over me?" said the youth, with parted lips and dangerous eyes.

"That is no business of yours, sir," replied Arthur, running into English, which the youth, luckily, understood. "Authority, indeed! You will call" (he was just going to say, "You will call on me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning," but saved himself) "down the vengeance of Heaven on your head, sir, if you consistently and pertinaciously persist in going on in your present course, sir; and from a careful study of your character, extending over the whole period of your University career, I fear that such will be the case. Now you just take your hand from under your jacket, you murderous young cub, for I am a short-tempered man, and will give you the best thrashing you ever had in your life, if you don't."

The Roman did so, and smiling faintly said—

"Monsieur has some cause of complaint against me; Monsieur said he was a Roman just now."

"I am a Roman," replied Arthur, seeing he was wavering, in headlong heat, "in the Palmerstonian acceptance of the term, sir—an acceptance which I should be inclined to think would not easily be comprehended by a person of your extremely limited abilities, dissipated habits, and murderous intentions. You will go down for a year, sir, and I shall write to your father."

"My father is dead, sir," said the astonished and frightened Italian.

"That does not make the slightest difference, sir; it only aggravates the offence," went on Arthur, seeing that the habit of *scolding*, which he had learnt as tutor, proctor, and schoolmaster,

was for once doing him good service ; and therefore scolding on with all the vagueness of a Swiveller, and the heartiness of a Doll Tearsheet—"I am happy to hear that he *is* dead. It was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. And I respect him for it. If he could see you in your present degraded position, it would bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, which you will ultimately succeed in doing."

The last fearful bathos nearly made Arthur laugh, but made him get his wits about him again. The Italian said, utterly puzzled and abroad—

"What is it that Monsieur desires?"

"I have told you, sir;—that you go away from here; that you disappear from the presence of all honest men. Do you see that sentry there?" he added, pointing to the nearest. "Shall I call to him, and tell him the story of Kriegsthum and Silcote?"

"*Mais, M'sieu,*" hissed the Roman, seizing his hand, and kissing it, "I am very young. I am too young to die!"

"Too old to live, boy. Repent, boy! I spare your youth, and will not denounce you. Go back to the assassin Kriegsthum, and tell him that this night he is denounced to both the Austrian and Italian Governments; that all his miserable plots are discovered; and that you are the last of his emissaries that I will spare. He knows *me*. Tell him that Arthur Silcote said so."

The young Roman vanished from under the lime-trees, and was seen no more for the present, and Arthur stood scratching his head.

"I doubt," he soliloquised, "that I have been lying a little. I will put that consideration off to a more convenient opportunity. But Carlyle is right about his 'preternatural suspicion.' If that boy had not been bred in an atmosphere of suspicion, I never could have done anything with him by loud, self-asserting scolding. One of my St. Mary's boys would have laughed at me; it would not have gone down with the lowest of old New Inn Hall men.¹ I

could not have done anything with that boy if his conscience had not been bad. Well, I have got rid of him, though I talked sad nonsense, as far as I can remember, and—Heaven help me!—I doubt, lied. Yet the proctorial art is a great one: given the position, and if judiciously exercised. Bankruptcy commissioners, police-magistrates, and University officials are the only people who are left to keep alive the great art of scolding; schoolmasters have to be civil in these days of competition, lest their schools should get empty—as some persons must preach pleasant things for the sake of their pew-rents.—Hallo! Boginsky! I have packed off our Roman assassin over the Marches."

"How, then?"

"I proctorized him."

"What does that mean?"

"Scolded him till he did not know whether he stood on his head or his heels. Put out all my strong points against him, while he was condemned to silence."

"As the priest does in the sermon?" said Boginsky.

"*Exactly,*" said Arthur. "In the slang of my University, I call that proctorizing, and think it a very good thing too. You surely can stand to hear the law laid down *once* a week, however feebly. You have six days left for interpellations. But have you been much in Prussia?"

"Why?"

"An idle thought, not worth pursuing. An *English* University proctor can be very exasperating; I was considering what a *Prussian* proctor would be like. I doubt he would be a Tartar. Well, now for the war. By-the-bye, I shall have to fight a duel with you."

"On what grounds?"

"My brother fights with the Austrians."

"*N'importe.* They will be beaten," said Boginsky, "and we will be gentle with them."

"Democracy allied with the Second of December!" said Arthur; "you are a nice lot. I shall proctorize some of you."

¹ I am happy to say that I speak of the *long* past.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARY ARRIVES AT TURIN.

As they four drove into the courtyard of their inn at Turin, in their roomy hired carriage, they saw a reeking horse having his saddle taken off, and a tall black-whiskered gentleman in a large cap, who talked consequentially with the landlord.

"Hallo!" said Arthur. "Here is some one travelling in the old style. There will be a swell arrival directly. I hope they have not taken the whole house."

"By no means," the landlord assured them. "It was the English plenipotentiary, travelling towards Alessandria, with the ready-signed preliminaries of peace."

"Wonder he don't go by rail if he is in a hurry. They will all have cut one another's throats before he gets there," remarked Arthur.

They were shown into a nice *salon* adjoining the suite of apartments taken by the plenipotentiary, only separated from theirs by folding-doors, which the landlord pointed out were locked on *their* side.

"I doubt we shall hear every word they say," remarked Arthur. "If we do hear any secrets of State, I shall unlock the door and announce myself. It is a great shame of the landlord putting us here."

"They will hear all *we* say also," remarked James; "and we by talking loud ourselves can give them to understand that others are within hearing. If they can hear us, they will of course at once conclude that we can hear them."

"I don't know *that*," said Arthur. "I have had such great experiences of human stupidity as an examiner, that I very much doubt it. If this man is an English diplomatist, I fear that the mental process will be too elaborate for him."

They were seated merrily at dinner, when a rumbling in the courtyard announced the arrival. Almost imme-

diately after the door of the next room was thrown open, and the great man entered,—English certainly, but not a courteous diplomatist by any means, and apparently with few preliminaries of peace about him.

At the first sound of his voice Boginsky said, "Now we will talk louder, then;" but, looking at his three companions, he saw that his three companions had laid down their knives and forks, and were looking at one another in blank astonishment.

A loud and familiar voice on the other side of the door thundered out,—

"I don't care. I repeat what I said to the fellow to his face. The whole business is the most preposterous clamjamfry of unutterable nonsense which ever was seen on the face of this earth; and my remedy for it would be to hang the two emperors and the king up in a row."

"But you *didn't* say that to the man, you know," said a bright woman's voice. "You were as mild as milk with him, and only began to rage as soon as his back was turned."

James jumped to his feet.

"I don't care whether I said it or not," said Silcote. "I mean it. And, since you twit me with it, I will go to his hotel after dinner and say it. Now!"

"Remember that you are abroad, Silcote, and be cautious," said the woman's voice.

"I am not likely to forget that I am abroad, my dear soul; the fleas keep me in mind of that; and, as for my caution, why you yourself allow that I did *not* utter the treason of which you disapprove, after all; and for your kind sake I will not."

"Why, that is my father," said Arthur, amazed. "Who on earth is the woman with them?"

"My mother," said James, radiant with smiles.

Arthur grew suddenly sick and faint. He filled out a tumbler full of wine, and drank it off, and muttered half aloud,—

"Mrs. Sugden! O Heaven, why

did I ever leave him alone ! And so soon after poor Algy's death too ! It is horrible. O God, forgive me my selfish neglect ; forgive me my share in this miserable business."

Boginsky whispered to Arthur, "I fear we are in a more delicate situation than that of overhearing a diplomat speaking with his secretaries. From the petulance of both Monsieur and Madame towards one another, I should guess that they were just married, and in their wedding tour. Shall I strike up the Marseillaise ? We must do something."

"Pray be silent for a moment," said Arthur. "See, here is another lady with them. I am going mad, and must be taken home straight and put in Bedlam."

For a third voice struck in here—a very pretty voice indeed ; but, well, a little too fine-ladyish, the thing just a very little overdone. That voice said,—

"So you two are quarrelling again ? The very moment I leave you two together you begin at it. What is the matter now ?"

Arthur sat down again. "It was very like too," he said to Boginsky. "I fear my nerves are not what they should be yet." And Boginsky politely agreed with him.

"Our quarrels don't come to much, do they, old girl ?" said Silcote, and Mrs. Sugden laughed.

James by this time was at the door with his hand on the key. Arthur gently put him aside, threw the door open, and found himself face to face with Miss Lee, in all the full majesty of her unequalled beauty. The meeting was a little more astonishing for her than for him, for he had thought of her when he heard her voice three minutes before. And in her utter surprise, in a second of time, there passed across her face a sudden expression ; a little parting of the lips, a little brightening of the eyes ; which told him all he cared to know. She was her very ladylike self in one moment, although the twitch of her hands towards him when she saw him had caused her to drop her hun-

dred-guinea travelling-bag, and made a *contretemps*. He knew all that he wanted to know in this world, and merely saying to her pleasantly, "How d'ye do ! How d'ye do !" passed on with outstretched hands towards his father, seeing by a mere look at the three faces that there were somehow or other brighter and better times in the house of Silcote than there had been for forty years. "If he *has* married Mrs. Sugden," he thought, "he might have done worse."

Silcote was very much changed, as Arthur saw in one moment. He looked so much younger, and so much more gentle. There was certainly an uncommon change in him.

"My dear father," he said, "this is a strange meeting."

"Very strange indeed, Archy," said Silcote. "I gave myself up frankly and freely to these two ladies to do what they would with me. They have done nothing but plot and conspire against me throughout the whole journey. I declare solemnly that I have never had my own way for one moment since we left Silcotes, and that their standing case against me is obstinacy. Now here they have laid their plans so well, that my own favourite son, whom I believed to be at Boppard, comes bursting in on me, with two of my grandsons, and a foreign gentleman, out of my own bedroom."

"That is not your bedroom, sir," said Arthur, hardly knowing how to begin explanations.

"Is it not ? Well, I give up the point. I thought it was. I am still inclined to think it is, because I observe you have been dining in it. However, I have no opinion. These two women have cured me of all that. Now go and kiss your sister-in-law, for she has finished kissing her boy James."

"My sister-in-law."

"Ah ! Tom's wife, you know."

"I don't know, sir," said Arthur.

"Don't you ?" said Silcote. "It don't matter. Some of them will tell you all about it some day. They are going to the milliner's to-morrow to get some new things to go to the war with :

perhaps they will tell you all about it the day after."

"I daresay you wonder to find me in company with James and Reginald, sir," said Arthur, trying if he could get him to talk that way.

"Not I," said Silcote. "I am a perfectly resigned man. If you had been kicking against all sorts of pricks for forty years, you would find it uncommonly pleasant to get into that frame of mind. Bless you, the religionists have flourished on that secret for centuries."

"What secret, sir?"

"The secret of taking a man away from himself, and giving him peace in that way. Some of them have done it more or less viciously and artificially. These two good women have done it for me as well as any priest that ever was born. They have brought me back to the communion, a thing you never did. What fools you men-priests are! Not one of you seems to have the sense to see that in a perfect state the priests would all be *women*. You men-priests would be in a queer way without them; they are designed and made for the priesthood. They have quite enough intellect for the office without having too much. And a highly intellectual priest is a mistake; like yourself. And the women have faith, which more than three-quarters of you men-priests have not."

"You are none of you *quite* mad," said Kriegsthum once to Colonel Tom; "but are close upon it."

Arthur was deeply shocked. Yet his father's argument puzzled him somewhat. He as a priest had been a failure, and knew it. His father's argument, slightly developed, seemed to him to mean an extreme form of Romanism. Well, even the present state of his father was better than his old one. He changed the subject.

"My dear father, I will wait for explanations about, for instance, my new-found sister-in-law. But allow me to ask, just to start the conversation in a new channel, what on earth you are doing here?"

"My dear boy, let me first tell you

how profoundly I am pleased by meeting you again. I do not want to talk business to-day, and any explanations you may want you may get from Miss Lee."

"Ah!" thought Arthur, "so I will. But, sir, you have not told me what brings you here."

"Well, a variety of matters. The one which is foremost in my mind just now is to get hold of my sister, your aunt, and get reconciled with her and bring her to reason, for I fear she is going on badly."

"How so?" asked Arthur.

"From a frantic letter she has written to me, I fear that she is in the hands of scoundrels, and well-nigh desperate. Kriegsthum, her old courier, major-domo, go-between in all her idiotic schemings and plottings and follies, has got hold of her again, and he and Tom have drained her of all her money, and made her desperate, I doubt. My original object was a very different one: it may be carried out, and it may not. I wished to right the memory of my first wife. Whether I shall do so or not I cannot say. My first object now is to save my poor sister; it is quite possible that in doing the one thing I may do the other."

"I do not quite understand, sir."

"No, I suppose not," said Silcote gently. "I fear I have been a sad fool, and wasted a life. My dear Archy, I have one favour to ask you. Do not in any way mention to me at present a death which has recently taken place in our family. I am very sorry, but I cannot speak of it."

"I am loth to speak of it myself, sir," said Arthur.

"I see Reginald is in mourning," said Silcote. "How did he bear it?"

"He cried," said Arthur, "once when he heard of it, and once afterwards, James tells me, in the night for a short time."

"I scarcely did more myself, if as much. Remorse does not produce tears. Let us leave the subject."

"About my aunt, sir. What makes you think she is in these straits? Has she appealed to you?"

"Not at all. *Her* letter was only one in which she confessed a recent wrong towards me, prayed my forgiveness, and took farewell of me for ever. I should like to catch her at it," Silcote went on suddenly, and with energy. "I have had the bullying of her for forty years, and does she think I am going to give it up now? These two new ones," he continued, winking at Arthur, "won't stand it. You remember *that* for your soul's health and comfort."

"I will, sir," said Arthur solemnly. "You have had another letter about her, then?"

"Yes," said Silcote, "I have had a letter of nine closely-written pages; a letter which, following me to the continent, has cost me about nine shillings—from that cantankerous old busybody, Miss Raylock. She is dragging her old bones after Tom and your aunt to the war, and has got into your aunt's confidence. I am bound to say that she has written me a most kind, sensible, and womanly letter, on which I am going to act."

"She is capable of doing nothing else, sir."

"That woman has made thousands out of us, with her confounded novels. She has no powers of invention. She put *me* as the principal character in her first successful novel, and made her fortune. She has spent all her money in fancy cucumbers and geraniums, and now she is hunting my sister, for the mere purpose, I am perfectly certain, of putting her as leading character in a novel, and going to her grave with an extra thousand pounds in the Three per Cents. But she will be deceived."

"My aunt the Princess would make a good central figure in a novel, sir."

"No, sir," said the old man, shaking his head; "her folly is too incongruous; the ruck of commonplace fools who read novels will not have sufficient brains to appreciate the transcendental genius of *her* folly. Raylock will make a mess of her. She will be trying to find out motives for her conduct; and my sister hasn't got any."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PRELIMINARIES TO THE TREATY OF TURIN.

"Now then, Mrs. Tom," cried Silcote after a long talk with Arthur, "dinner is ready. I can't live by talking nonsense to curly-headed youngsters, if you can. Arthur, my dear boy, take in Mrs. Tom."

"They have had their dinner, these people," said Mrs. Silcote, "and don't want any more. As for talking nonsense to curly-headed youngsters, you have been talking long enough with Mr. Arthur, and nonsense enough too, I don't doubt."

"That's a specimen," said Silcote, pointing with his finger at the radiantly happy, good-humoured, and kindly face of Mrs. Silcote,—"that is a specimen of the way they treat me. Go and take her arm, and take her in to dinner. When I was your age, I could eat two dinners. Miss Lee, your arm."

Arthur, who as yet knew practically nothing, went up to the woman whom his father had introduced to him as his sister-in-law: when he looked at her he said *sotto voce*, "By Jove!" She was probably the most remarkable woman he had ever seen. Tall, as tall as he, with grey hair, and a very beautiful face (described before), handsomely dressed, with every fold of gown or shawl in its right place, standing very calmly in a splendid attitude, and "taking him in, body and bones" (as he most vulgarly expressed it afterwards), with her great calm grey eyes. As he went up to her, it suddenly struck him as quite a new idea that this was James's mother, Mrs. Sugden, the woman who lived in the little white cottage at the edge of Boisey Hill. How she came to be his sister-in-law he did not inquire. His father was not likely to be wrong in a matter like this: that was the henceop to which he clung in this wide weltering ocean of astonishment.

He took her in to dinner, and sat between her and Miss Lee. But this wonderful Sugden-Tom-Silcote

woman occupied his whole attention. "Heaven save me from Bedlam!" he said; "this is the woman who used to plant beans in a smock frock. This is the wife of the man that helped to fight the poachers on the very night that James was brought in wounded. Hang it, I can't remember it all."

He remembered, however, that on one occasion, the curate being absent, he had undertaken the care of the parish, just as he would have undertaken the siege of Sebastopol. And that at that time he had given this terrible lady in grey silk and white lace spiritual consolation, such as he had, and a shilling.

"Bless our family," he thought; "we shall fill Bedlam if we increase. Are you going to say anything to me?" he said suddenly to Mrs. Thomas.

"Why?" said she, calmly.

"Because I thought you were not," said Arthur.

"What shall I say to you?" said she, with perfect good humour.

"Explain matters, that is all; like a dear good soul as you look. My father's reticence is so exasperating."

Mrs. Thomas explained everything to him from beginning to end, while Miss Lee ate her dinner, drank her wine, folded her napkin, and put it through the ring: went on explaining, while she rose after having only interchanged a few commonplaces with Arthur, and left the room: went on still explaining until Miss Lee returned *tremendously* dressed, as far as extravagance went, but with wonderful quietness and good taste, with her bonnet on, ready for a promenade. The two boys had gone before, to see some regiments march out.

"I am going on the Boulevards," she said, in a cool and lofty manner. "You people want to stay and talk family matters, which are no concern of mine, and which bore me. The courier said there are three more regiments to march to-night: I hear a band playing, which must belong to one of them. I shall go and see them off."

"Are you going alone, my dear?" said Mrs. Thomas.

"Alone? certainly. I am used to

take care of myself, and perfectly able to do so." And with her splendid chin in the air, she certainly looked as if she was. There is no one more safe from insult than an imperially proud and handsome woman. Cads scarcely dare to look at her in the face, and the worse than cads know from their experience that the most they will get is furious scorn. No one knew this better than Miss Lee. She would have marched up coolly to the finest knot of dandies in Europe, and asked one of them to call her a cad; and have driven calmly off in it, with a cold bow of thanks.

"But the officers, my dear," once more interpellated Mrs. Tom.

"I shall probably try to get into conversation with some of them," said Miss Lee, with her bonnet-strings half concealing her beautiful proud chin in the air, "and consult them about the best way of getting as near the fight as possible. The King very likely does not go until to-morrow, and will probably review one of these regiments as they go; so I shall have a chance of seeing your fat hero. Well, good-bye. I shall be at home by dark, or soon after." And so she went.

Arthur still sat as if he had not heard her speak, sat for five minutes, and then rose and left the room.

Mrs. Thomas was a little indignant. "She gave him time and place in the most obvious manner," she said. "I never saw the thing done more openly in my life."

"I thought she wrapped it up pretty well," said Silcote.

"You thought," said Mrs. Thomas. "A deal you know about it. The way she did it was next thing to brazen."

"I hope he knows where to find her," said Silcote, drinking a glass of wine. "I'll be hanged if I should."

"It's lucky that your son is not quite such a stupid," said Mrs. Thomas. "She, with her marching regiments, and her King reviewing them as they passed the palace! Why, there!" she continued, warming, "as sure as ever you sit gandering in that chair, I could go at this moment, on my bare feet, and lay my

finger on that woman. She gave him time and place, I tell you, and I could lay my finger on her now."

"Could you indeed, my dear?" said Silcote. "I have no doubt you could. Still I think she wrapped it up pretty well. I know Turin, and she don't. I couldn't find her."

"I could," said Mrs. Tom; "I have only to go down into that street——"

"Without your shoes and stockings? You said you could find her barefooted."

"——and ask," said Mrs. Tom, scornfully disregarding him, "where the king was reviewing the soldiers. And I should get my answer, and there she'd be, and him with her. Don't tell me."

"I don't want to tell you, my dear. But surely this heat is unnecessary."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Tom. "She gave him time and place before my own eyes: and she was too bold—for him."

"It is all right, though, is it not?" said Silcote.

"Oh, it's all *right* enough," said Mrs. Tom. "But after the way he has served her, she had no business to give him time and place as she did. I wish it had been *me*." And she shook her head with deep meaning.

"Do you indeed, my dear? So you really wish that you had a chance at Archy? But you must reflect that you could not, under any circumstances, marry your brother-in-law; let me advise you to give up this newly-conceived passion for Arthur, and let him marry your cousin quickly. Two such dreadful tongues as yours and his would never have hit it off together, and moreover——"

"There," said Mrs. Tom, "one mustard seed of nonsense dropped in your way grows into a great tree of nonsense very soon. Do you know that you have to give an account of every idle word you speak? You run off into idle senseless *badinage* on the text of one single sentence or word. It is a silly habit."

"Yes, my dear," said Silcote. "As soon as you have done blowing me up, suppose we go and see the soldiers?"

She kissed him, and said, "You are

a good old man. I don't know how you ever got on without me."

"Very badly," said Silcote. "Come, let us jog out together and see this king and these soldiers, you and me."

And so this queer couple jogged out together to gaze and stare, like a couple of children, at the soldiers, the king, and everything else abnormal which came in their way. The courteous Italian crowd which made way for the strange pair only admired their *bizarre* beauty. Not one in the crowd dreamt that the life of a son and a husband was at stake, in that terrible hurly-burly so soon to begin to the east. And indeed they did not realize it themselves, any more than they realized how deeply they loved him; both believing that their love for him had been killed by his misconduct. Poor fools!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE KING COMES OUT TO MARSHAL THEM.

THEY were singing in the streets of Turin that afternoon. Groups of them were singing, war ballads, love ballads. Nay, not only were arm-in-arm groups singing of war, love, loyalty, of everything save law and divinity; but even solitary walkers piped up, quite unnoticed. Therefore why should not Arthur, with a good voice, not untrained by choir-masters, pipe up too? He did so, however. A spectacle and scandal amongst Oxford tutors and ex-proctors, had they only heard him; which they did not. An ex-Balliol tutor, singing out, clear and loud, in the streets of a foreign city, was a thing which no one was prepared for in 1859, and, to tell the truth, is scarcely prepared for now; yet he did, this Balliol man, at the top of his very excellent voice.

"I know the way she went

Past with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows,
And have left the daisies rosy."

The street was extremely crowded, but every one was nearly mad with good humour; and Arthur's handsome face

was so radiant, that innumerable people greeted him. "A glorious day for Italy, mildred," said one. "Very much so indeed," replied Arthur. "We have the sympathies of England, if not her arms, on our side, sir," said another. "Our sympathies are in Italy while our arms are in Hindostan," replied Arthur; which was thought to be wonderfully neat, and was bandied about: for it did not take much to please them *that day*. "Confound it," thought Arthur, "I am being too agreeable; I know I shall get myself kissed directly, and I hate it. But I can't help it."

All this time Miss Lee was sailing on before him, with her veil up, calmly, imperial, looking every one straight in the face, and speaking to any one who spoke to her. She attracted universal and respectful attention. Arthur was proud of her.

The great rendezvous was in the Grand Place. Along the street in which they were came a regiment of blue-coated, steel-helmeted, grey-trousered cavalry to join it. The enormously high-piled ornate houses were hung with the green, white, and red tricolours from paving to coping-stone, and the windows were thronged with frantic patriots, as were also the streets. It was a splendid and exciting sight; and, as they all went rushing along the narrow street in the rear of the regiment, Arthur's long dull days of sickness and loss of hope seemed indefinitely removed.

At last they came to the place of the spectacle. *Their* regiment was the last. Three regiments of cavalry and four of infantry were already drawn up; and there was the big-chested King himself; and there was Cavour, and there were Generals La Marmora, Fanti, Cialdini, —men whose names sound like the ringing of silver bells. Their regiment formed in, and the burly King began to move. Arthur perceived that Miss Lee had got an uncommonly good place, and then found himself face to face with Boginsky.

"A glorious day for Italy," said Boginsky.

"Threatens thunder!" said Arthur.

"And lightning," said Boginsky, who was in company with several "reds."

"How epigrammatic we all are!" said Arthur. "I myself have said the neatest thing to-day I have said for years. Why, this excitement would sharpen the wits of a mere horse," he continued artfully.

"Of a mere stupid horse indeed," replied the innocent Boginsky.

"Sharpen his wits so much that he lets the man get on his back. And now they both go away together to kill the stag. Will the man get off when the stag is dead, do you think?"

"The Emperor would never dare——" began Boginsky.

"Never for a moment," said Arthur; "no one ever dreamt that he would. He is at Genoa now, because he did not dare to keep away. He wants no more black cricket-balls studded with gun nipples, and percussion caps on them. I was not thinking of him."

Said Boginsky, "You puzzle me."

Arthur folded his arms, caught Boginsky's eye, and then looked steadily at the King of Sardinia, who was now within six yards of them. He took off his hat to the King; and as he went past Boginsky towards Miss Lee, he looked into that gentleman's face with a strong stare, which meant volumes. As he went he heard Boginsky gasp out,—

"He had *better*."

Delighted with the purely gratuitous mischief which he had made, Arthur got to the side of Miss Lee just as the King had caught sight of her. There was no doubt whatever of his Majesty's admiration, about which Miss Lee cared just absolutely nothing at all. She wanted a real good stare at the King, and she got one. If he liked the looks of her, it showed his good taste; in the perfect boldness of her perfect innocence it was perfectly indifferent whether he looked at her or not. *She* wanted to look at him, and the more he looked the more she saw.

Arthur, proudly laughing in his heart, whispered to her, "Take my arm," and she put her hand upon it. In one mo-

ment more, unseen of any one, his was upon hers, as it lay on her arm, and their two hands were tightly locked together. Not a word was spoken; what need for words, clumsy words, when their two hands told their tale so truly?

Silcote with Mrs. Tom went gauding about, staring at the soldiers and the shops, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. Silcote bought a large white umbrella lined with green, which took his fancy, and which he used as a pointer, to point out objects of interest

to Mrs. Tom; among other things, pointing out the King when his Majesty was not four yards from the ferule.

At last they got home, and heard that Miss Lee was home before them. Mrs. Thomas went to seek her, and soon returned.

"It's all right," she said; "I knew it would be. There, you needn't throw your umbrella across the room like a lunatic; though Heaven knows, my dear, that I am as glad as you are."

To be continued.

EARLY ENGLISH.

BY J. W. HALES, M.A., FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN an article that appeared in this Magazine in April last, a slight sketch was given of the history of the study of the English language—or rather of the neglect of it—down to the end of the last century. It was shown that, though a great literature had grown to adolescence and maturity, and though the country regarded this its noble offspring with much pride, little progress had been made in an enlightened investigation of the language in which it was expressed. That language was considered incapable of any thorough grammatical treatment. A rough adaptation to it of such grammatical outlines as were in vogue for the classical languages—these outlines themselves most meagre and unsatisfactory—was all that was given it—a few crumbs from the table of its superiors. No earnest, worthy attempt was made to discover its principles. Its general conduct—its external manners, so to speak—were observed, and the observations made were recorded, and styled rules. But the inner life of the language—the spirit that expressed itself in those external manners—this was not thought of. The classical Pharisee stood afar off from it—shrank from contact with

so disorderly, indecorous, unmanageable a fellow—called him an "untaught knave, unmannerly, to bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility."

Happily, a time came when this Pharisee saw his error—when he no longer thanked God that he was not as other men, even as the Publican in the distance. He discovered that, for all the many differences that seemed to separate them, the Publican and he were brothers. And he abandoned his supercilious demeanour, recognised, and embraced him.

For some half-century ago there broke out as great a revolution in the world of languages as had convulsed the world of nations. The old *régime* was overthrown. The privileged class was abolished; claims that had long been suppressed won a hearing. Languages that had long held the seat of supremacy were ejected and disrowned. The rights of languages too were scrutinized. Then strange discoveries were made. Supposed aliens turned out to be near kinsmen; scorned inferiors were proved to be equals, or superiors.

With the rise of the science of Comparative Philology, by whose agency

this prodigious revolution was wrought, the study of language at last really commenced. The age of unsubstantial and unsubstantiated theory passed away. The age of induction dawned. Every language then at last acquired its proper dignity. Then at last vernaculars began to have a chance of having justice done them. We do not propose to trace here the history of this momentous advance. Enough now to say that Germany led the way, and that after a time England essayed in some sort to follow in Germany's steps. But England progressed very slowly. Even so late as 1835, a writer in the *Quarterly Review*—Mr. Garnett—finds it necessary to defend the new study. "We know," he writes, "that it is easy to sneer at such pursuits," (the study of German and Scandinavian dialects, for the sake of the light they throw "on the analogies of our own language and the principles of its grammar,") "and to ask, Who but a dull pedant can see any use in confronting obscure and antiquated English terms with equally obscure German ones, all which might, without any great injury, be consigned to utter oblivion? It would have been equally easy to ask fifty or sixty years ago—and would at that time have sounded quite as plausible—What can be the use of collecting and comparing unsightly fragments of bone that have been mouldering in the earth for centuries? But now, after the brilliant discoveries of Cuvier and Buckland, no man could propose such a question without exposing himself to the laughter and contempt of every man of science. Sciolists are very apt to despise what they do not understand; but they who are properly qualified to appreciate the matter know that philology is neither a useless nor a trivial pursuit; that, when treated in an enlightened and philosophical spirit, it is worthy of all the exertions of the subtlest as well as the most comprehensive intellect." Then he replies to Dugald Stewart, who, "while combating the metaphysical conclusions of Horne Tooke, thought proper to speak somewhat slightly of etymological in-

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"vestigations." Dugald Stewart had represented "the cultivation of this branch of knowledge as unfavourable to elegance of composition, refined taste, or enlargement of the mental faculties." He had maintained "that it is better in many cases to remain ignorant of the original meaning of words than to know it." He had described "philologists as a useful sort of inferior drudges, who may often furnish their betters with important data for illustrating the progress of laws, of arts, and of manners, or for tracing the migrations of mankind in ages of which we have no historical records." With such heresy—or such pestilent orthodoxy—prevalent in such high places as the Professor's chair, we are not surprised at the lament which the Reviewer subsequently pours forth. "Etymology and philology," he laments, "do not seem to thrive on British ground. We were indebted to a foreigner (Junius) for the first systematic and comprehensive work on the analogies of our tongue, and it is humiliating to think how little real improvement has been effected in the two centuries that have since elapsed. We have manifested the same supineness in other matters connected with our national literature. We have allowed a *Bavarian* to print the first edition of the Old Saxon evangelical harmony—the most precious monument of the kind, next to the *Meso-Gothic Gospels*—from *English manuscripts*. In like manner, we are indebted to a *Dane* for the first printed text of *Beowulf*, the most remarkable production in the whole range of Anglo-Saxon literature; and we have to thank another *Dane* for our knowledge of the principles of Anglo-Saxon versification, and for the only grammar of that language which deserves the name. We have had, it is true, and still have men who pride themselves on their exploits in English philology, but the best among them are much on a par with persons who fancy they are penetrating into the inmost mysteries of geology while they are only gathering up the pebbles that lie on the

"earth's surface." In a note he excepts Conybeare, Kemble, and Thorpe from this censure. The influence, then, of the great revolution that has so mightily transformed and ennobled linguistic science, penetrated this country but slowly. The science among us is yet scarcely more than a generation old. Some of the great fathers of it are yet living amongst us. The Reviewer from whom we have quoted, and to whom the science owes vast obligations, rested from his labours but some six years ago.

But, undoubtedly, the progress made in the last thirty years has been considerable. The day, breaking when Garnett wrote, has brightened into a fair morning, which we hope may brighten on to a splendid noon. A more judicious, more thorough, more appreciative study of the English language has been fairly inaugurated. The old idols have tottered to their fall, and are falling; the old baseless traditions are being swept away.

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."

Pre-eminent above all other workers of this welcome reformation must be mentioned the Philological Society. The papers read by its members—by Garnett, and Kemble, and Guest, and Latham—on the grammar, the origin, the affinities, the composition of the English language, have most especially furthered and promoted it. Streams descending from that source have visited and watered the valleys. Murray's Grammar, the old handbook, has been superseded—except in the dark places of the earth where the sound of the new philological Evangel has not yet been heard—by manuals of a higher type. The study of the English language has begun to occupy a worthier place in school education. Its utility, its independence, its dignity are being better recognised. It is no longer a sort of slave running by the chariot-wheels of the Latin conqueror. The rights and honours so long denied it are being conceded. The son, long disowned, is being at last admitted to his inheritance.

Of this most desirable progress in the

study of our mother-tongue there can be mentioned just now no better sign than the work that has lately issued from the Clarendon Press of Oxford, entitled "*Specimens of Early English.*" The editor, Mr. Morris, a well-known investigator of our language in its earlier stages, has done especial service and won especial fame in his explorations of our provincial dialects. The work just edited by him places the fruit of his researches within the reach of school-boys. It is not too much to say that its appearance marks an era in the history of English language hand-books. It consists of a series of extracts from the chief English authors A.D. 1250—1400, with grammatical introduction, notes, and glossary. The grammatical introduction deals with dialects too; the notes are verbal and dialectical. The text is taken from the best sources, and printed with the utmost fidelity; any variation from it, in the case of an unmitakeable error, is conscientiously recorded in a foot-note. In a word, the book is the latest and most popular result of that study of English, which, after so protracted a neglect, at last, as we have seen, some forty years ago received some acknowledgment. Nothing of the same kind has, so far as we know, ever before appeared. Many books of selections have appeared—to serve for reading lessons, as the countless "*Readers*;" or for elocution, as the numerous "*Speakers*;" or for mere amusement, as the "*Beauties*;" or for literary instruction, as the "*Collections*." But Mr. Morris's book is not of this description. Nor is it to be classed with the countless "*cram*" editions of particular passages of our literature that teem forth from our printing-presses in these days of competitive examinations. It is much more than these.

As has been said, it pays particular attention to the dialects of the pieces that compose it. On this subject Mr. Morris is to be heard with much attention. "*From historical testimony,*" he says, here following Dr. Guest, "*and an examination of the literary records of the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-*

"turies, we learn that the English speech was represented by three principal dialects:—1. The Northern dialect, spoken throughout the Lowlands of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, and nearly the whole of Yorkshire. Roughly speaking, the Humber and Ouse formed the southern boundary of this area, while the Penine chain determined its limits to the west. 2. The Midland dialect, spoken in the counties to the west of the Penine chain, in the East Anglian counties, and in the whole of the Midland district. The Thames formed the southern boundary of this region. 3. The Southern dialect, spoken in all the counties south of the Thames, in Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and portions of Herefordshire and Worcestershire." To this day this triple division is clearly discernible. Education (which of course is carried on in and deals with the standard dialect), change of population, and other causes have to some extent modified it; but it is still clearly perceptible. The most careless traveller cannot help recognising a likeness between the dialects of Wilts, Dorset, Somersetshire, and Devon; or between those of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; or between those of Durham, Cumberland, and Northumberland. Probably few travellers give to any one of these classes, or to any individual belonging to any one of them, the consideration it deserves. Yet many a one of them is an older and purer dialect than the traveller speaks himself; words which he sets down as vulgarisms are really more genuine than those he employs. What he calls corruptions are in fact primitive forms. To all in whose minds the old fallacy still lurks that provincial English is a mere debasement of our standard English, caused by a lack of grammatical and other education, we strongly recommend the analyses of our country dialects that have of late years been made. In them will be found a proof that each despised *patois* is in itself a well-formed and complete language; and from the publications of the Early English Text Society, from

sundry publications of other antiquarian societies, from the selections gathered together in the work now before us, it will be seen that each of the three great dialects we have mentioned had once a flourishing literature of its own.

There can be no doubt that of these dialects at least two existed many centuries before the time which Mr. Morris's specimens illustrate. Bede, indeed, writing in the early part of the eighth century, says nothing of them. He remarks that in his time there were as many languages spoken in Britain as there are books in the Pentateuch—to wit: English, British, Scottish, Pictish, and Latin, "which, by the study of the Scriptures, has been made common to all the other nations." But, as Lapenburg has observed, Bede is no great authority on matters relating to Wessex. However, it is possible that the difference between the West Saxon and the Northumbrian (the Southern and Northern) dialects was not so sharply marked in Bede's time as it afterwards became. The influence of the Danes, for instance, on the Northern dialect can scarcely have been so utterly trivial as some scholars have maintained. There is no doubt some truth in Wallingford's statement, that it was long felt in Yorkshire. In course of time there grew up a third dialect between the two already existing—between them both in geographical position and in character. This intermediate dialect was in some respects a sort of compromise between the others. On the frontiers of the district where it prevailed it partook of the peculiarities of the conterminous dialects, but more particularly of those of its southern neighbour, inasmuch as the main part of the literary treasures of the whole country belonged to that neighbour. Thus, influenced and modified, grew up and flourished the Mercian dialect. "It is a curious fact," Dr. Guest observes, "that both our universities are situated close to the boundary line which separated Northern from Southern English; and I cannot help thinking that the jealousies of these two races were consulted in fixing upon

"the sites. The histories of Cambridge and Oxford are filled with their feuds; and more than once has the king's authority been interposed, to prevent the Northern men retiring, and forming within their own limits a university at Stamford or Northampton. The union of these two races at the university must have favoured the growth of any intermediate dialect; and to such a dialect the circumstances of the country during the ninth and tenth centuries appear to have given birth. While the North was sinking beneath its own feuds and the ravages of the Northman, the closest ties knit together the men of the Midland and the Southern counties; and this fellowship seems to have led among the former to a certain modification of the Northern dialect." This third dialect, so formed, or at least so ripened and expanded, may in course of time have reacted on its prime influencers, the other two dialects. "There is no doubt," says Mr. Morris, "that the Midland dialect exercised an influence upon the Southern dialect, wherever it happened to be geographically connected with it, just as the Northumbrian acted upon the adjacent Midland dialects; and this enables us to understand that admixture of grammatical forms which is to be found in some of our early English manuscripts." It is perhaps impossible to discover precisely the mutual obligations of the Midland and Southern dialects, or of the Midland and Northern. There can be no doubt that our present standard English is mainly descended from the Midland dialect. The Southern or Wessex dialect has not retained the supremacy that it held in the time of Alfred; the sceptre has departed from it. It still rules within its native precincts, but it can no longer boast its ancient precedence. As the years rolled on, Northumbria too and Mercia cultivated literature. To the north of the Thames, far and wide, men thought and wrote; and of a fair mother as fair or fairer daughters were born. The twenty-six pieces that make up Mr. Morris's "Specimens" re-

present all three literatures in pretty equal proportions. After the period exemplified by these "Specimens," in the fifteenth century and in the beginning of the sixteenth, our present standard English came into being, and it, as we have said, is the development rather of the Midland than of either the Southern or Northern dialect. The dialect of Alfred became provincial; the intermediate dialect, the dialect of the universities and of London, acquired predominance. Of the pieces given by Mr. Morris, that by Robert Mannyng, of Brunne, may be said to contain the germ of our standard English. At this day a traveller in the Midland counties will be struck by the accuracy and correctness, as he might say, of the local dialect. "Dr. Johnson, exclaiming in praise of Lichfield," was wont to boast that its inhabitants were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelst in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." "I doubted," says Boswell, "as to the last article of this eulogy; for they had several provincial sounds: as *there*, pronounced like *fear*" (he means with the foremost vowel in *there* pronounced like the diphthong in *fear*) "instead of like *fair*; once pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunce* or *wonse*. Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, 'Who's for *poonsh*?' But, in spite of the 'doubts' of the invaluable gossip, Johnson's patriotism was thoroughly justified in the laudation he pronounced on the English of his Staffordshire town.

It may be interesting to quote a few old notices of English dialects. That best known perhaps and most notable describes the lingual condition of England about the middle of the fourteenth century, about the time when Sir John Mandeville wrote his account of his travels, when "the Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman" was

being written, when Chaucer was a young man. It is given by Ranulph Higden, a monk of Saint Werberg's monastery at Chester, in his "Polychronicon," a chronicle in seven books, the first containing a description of all countries in general, and of Britain in particular, the remaining six a compendious civil history from the creation to his own time. This work, written in Latin, was translated into English some thirty years after its author's death. This translation, with a continuation, was printed by Caxton in 1482, afterwards reprinted by Wynken de Worde in 1495, and by "Peter Treveris, Southwarke," in 1527. We will quote from the 1527 edition of the translation. (Mr. Morris gives the passage from a MS. of Richard the Second's time): "As it is knowen howe many maner peple ben in this Ilond,"—some account of them has just been given,—"ther ben also mani langages and tonges. Netheles Walsshmen and Scottes that ben not medled with other nacions kepe nyghe yet theyr fyrst langage and speche; but yet the Scottes that were somtyme confederate and dwelled with Pyctes drawe somewhat after theyr speche. But the Flemynges, that dwelle in the weste syde of Wales, haue left theyr straunge speche and spoken lyke the Saxons. Also Englysshmen, though they had fro the begynnyng iii maner speches, Southern, northern, and myddell speche in the myddel of the londe, as they come of thre maner people of Germania; netheles by comixyon & medlyng fyrste with Danes and afterwarde with Normans in many thynges the countree langage is appayred; for¹ some use straunge wlaiffyng, chythyryng, harryng, garryng, & grysbytyng. . . . It semeth a grete wonder that Englysshe men haue so grete dyuersyte in their owne langage in sowne and in spekyng of it, whiche is all in one Ilonde; and the langage of Northmandye is comen out of another

"londe, and hath one maner sowne among all men that speketh it in Englonde. For a man of Kent, Southern, Western, and Northern men speken Frensshe all lyke in sowne and speche. But they cannot speke theyr Englysshe soo. . . . Also of the forsayde tonge whiche is departeth in thre is grete wonder. For men of the east with the men of the west acorde better in sownyng of their speche than men of the north with men of the south. Therefore it is that men of Mercii that ben of myddell Englonde as it were parteners with the endes understande better the syde langages Northern and Southern than Northern and Southern understande eyther other. All the langages of the Northumbres and specially at Yorke is so sharpe, slyttyng, frotyng, and unshape that we sothern men maye unneth understande the langage. I suppose the cause be that they be nyghe to the alyens that speke straungely. And also by cause that the kynges of Englund abyde and dwelle more in the south countree than in the north countree. The cause why they abyde more in the south countree is bycause that there is better corne lond, more people, moo noble Cytes, and moo prouffitable haueues in the south countree than in the north."

Caxton, writing a century after John de Trevisa's translation had appeared, is somewhat scandalized by the great variety of speech prevailing in England. In "The Boke of Eneydos, compyled by Virgyle, oute of Frensshe reduced in to Englysshe by me William Caxton, 1491," he says, the English spoken there differs from the English used and spoken when he was born, and remarks that Englishmen are born under the domination of the moon, which is "never stedfaste but ever waveryng. That comeyn Englysshe," he adds, "that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another, insomuche that in my dayes happened that certayn marchauntes were in a shippe in Tamysse for to have sayled over the

¹ "Peregrinas [sic apud Gale] jam captant boatas et garritus."—Higden.

"see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde, thei taryed atte Forlond, and wente to lande for to refreshe them. And one of theym, named Sheffelde, a mercer, cam into an hows and axed for mete, and specyally he axyd after eggys; and the goode wyf answerde that she coude speke no Frenshe, and the marchaunt was angry, for he also coude speke no Frenshe, but wolde have hadde eggys, and she understoode hym not; and thenne at laste another sayed that he wolde have eyren. Then the good wyf sayed that she understood hym wel. Loo, what sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte, eggys or eyren? Certaynly it is harde to playse every man, bycause of dyversitie and chaunge of langage."¹

Some hundred years after Caxton, Richard Verstegan in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English nation, by the studie and travalle of R.V." (1605), after remarking on the varying and variety of the Teutonic language, adds: "This is a thing that easly may happen in so spatious a tounge as this, it beeing spoken in so many different countries and regions, when wee see that in some seuerall partes of England it self, both the names of things and pronouciations of woords are somewhat different, and that among the countrey people that never borrow any woords out of the Latin or French, and of this different pronouciation one example in steed of many shall suffice, as this, for pronouncing according as one would say at London, 'I would eat more cheese yf I had it,' the northern man saith, 'Ay sud eat mare cheese gin ay hadet,' and the westerne man saith, 'Chud eat more cheese an chad it.' Lo heer three different pronouciations in our own countrey in one thing, and heerof many the lyke examples might be alleaged."

He offers an explanation of these varieties—an explanation never properly

depreciated, but in great favour and acceptance till very recent times indeed, probably indeed still deemed satisfactory by many a fairly-educated Englishman. "These differences in one same language," he says, "do comonly grow among the comon people, and sometymes upon the parents imitating the il pronouciation of their yong children, and of il pronouciation lastly ensuyeth il wrying. Other languages no doubt are subject onto the lyke, yea those three that are grown from the Latin, as the Italian, Spanish and French, which to auoyd other examples may appeer in the name of Latin, of Jacobus; which in Italian is grown to bee Giacomo, in Spanish, Diego, and in French, Jaques."

Some fifteen years after these observations of Verstegan were published, Alexander Gill, Milton's schoolmaster, in his "Logonomia Anglica" treats at some length of the same subject. Dr. Guest, in his valuable remarks on local dialects in his "History of English Rhythms," gives a full account of Gill's discussion of it. "This scholar divided our language into six dialects. Of these, two were the *common* and the *poetical*. The remaining four were the *Northern* and the *Eastern*, in which he seems to have included the *Essex* and the *Middlesex*; the *Southern*, which appears to have spread over the Southern counties east of Wiltshire; and finally the *Western*. To the men of the Midland counties he assigns no particular dialect, doubtless considering them as speaking that variety of English which he designated as the *common* dialect."

Imitations of our various dialects have appeared again and again in our literature—in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale," in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in "King Leare" (Act iv. Sc. 6), in Jonson's "Tale of the Tub," and in our own day, in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," in countless novels. Nor, with Barnes and Waugh amongst us, can the vernacular poetry

¹ See Halliwell's Dictionary. Preface.

of the provinces be pronounced extinct. In the course of the present century, numerous collections of provincial words have been made—by Wilbraham for Cheshire, Polwhele for Cornwall, Forby for Norfolk and Suffolk, Miss Baker for Northamptonshire, Cooper for Sussex, Willan and Hunter and Carr for Yorkshire, &c. And during the last thirty or forty years some attempt, as we have said, has been made to do something more than this—to study the grammatical life and structure of the provincial dialects. We hope the work we are now considering may succeed in disseminating some general knowledge of this subject. The subject is one of extreme importance and high interest to any student of the English language. These dialects represent to him older stages of that language. One of them—of these dialects so like, so different—

“Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen, quales decet esse sororum,”

has been preferred above the others—one of them has been crowned with glory and honour. Shakespeare and Milton have sung their immortal songs in it; a thousand colonies have spread it to the remotest corners of the earth. The empires of the future speak it. If any language ever becomes universal, it will be this one. Surely the sisters of this sovereign tongue deserve some attention. They, too, centuries ago, enjoyed their fame. They too wore crowns, and held courts. They too throbbed with high and noble emotions; and the sound of their voices was sweet, was terrible, was omnipotent in men's ears. The days of those glories have passed away. Lawgivers, orators, poets, now throng the court of their sister. Their palaces decay; their purple is faded; the jewels fall from their diadems; their voices are hoarse and broken. Let us visit them in their obscurity—these fallen goddesses. Let us think what a power they swayed once—whose rivals they were—what passion once thrilled and ennobled them.

Our ingenuous youth at our grammar

schools and our universities are expected to acquaint themselves with Greek dialects, to know something of the characteristics of Doric, Æolic, Ionian, Attic. Why are they excluded from all study of those of their mother-tongue? Why do we turn away with scorn from the provincial Muses of our own country? Why should our native prophets remain without honour? We trust that the dawn of a better order of things is at hand. A faithful study of our old literature—a reverent listening to the old voices that still echo in our rural districts—will certainly deepen that affection we bear to old England—will bind us more closely to our country. The true son is indifferent to no means of familiarizing himself more thoroughly with his father's history. Everything that illustrates that dear memory is dear. Every accent that yet lingers of that dear voice is piously cherished.

But Mr. Morris's book treats not only of the manner, but of the matter, of the old days—not only with grammar and dialect, but with literature. It gives by its extracts an excellent picture of our early English literature during a most important century and a half of its existence, from the time when English was again recovering, or beginning to recover, its place as the universal language of the country to the time when the “morning star” of English poetry sang—

“Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet
breath
Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still”—

from the time of the first cries of popular literature—from its stammering infancy in the reign of Henry the Third to the time of its splendid adolescence in the reign of Richard the Second—from the time of its early timorous flutterings, of tame paraphrases, and feeble allegories, to the time of the strong-winged flight of the noblest poem of chivalry.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries

form a memorable epoch in the history of modern thought and literature. In them the darkness which, thickest in the seventh century, thinned somewhat in the tenth, still brooded over the face of Europe, began to scatter and disperse. The Night drew the folds of her garments round her, and prepared to give place to the Day. The golden-haired, bright-eyed Day was already appearing above the hills. The world's great age was beginning anew. The nations were awakening from their long slumber—awakening regenerate, with the old things passed away, and all things become new. The early Middle Ages witness a new creation. Chaos had reigned again; and now, again, Chaos was dethroned. The populations of Europe, after the long furious confusion of the Dark Ages, found themselves in new places, under new conditions, with new languages, with new characteristics, with new aims and ambitions. Presently they began to appreciate in some sense that learning and civilization their forefathers had overthrown. They felt the parchings of intellectual thirst. Philosophy found an eager hearing amongst them. Learning could claim its votaries; universities were founded. Crowds of students flocked to Paris, Bologna, Cambridge, Oxford. This advance, conspicuous in the twelfth, grew more and more vigorous and effectual in the thirteenth century. Preceding it, and contemporary with it, was the gradual growth of modern languages and literatures. The Roman languages at last grew articulate and clear-voiced. The new-born world composed songs for itself, and sang them. A bright, light-hearted, carolling literature arose in Southern France, the first-born literature of modern Europe. Provençal minstrelsy flowered and flourished from the middle of the twelfth century to the close of the thirteenth. The sound of it went forth into all the lands,—into Arragon, into Italy, into Germany, into Scotland, into England. About the same time sprang up Castilian and Portuguese poetries, but these remained of Peninsular rather than of

European name and influence. The Provençal voices were heard all over Western Europe, and stirred the heart of it. Soon arose singers in other countries, and amongst them in Tuscany. There arose the first great poet of modern times. Dante was born in 1265 (the year of our first Parliament). The "*Commedia Divina*" was commenced in 1304.

In England the literary cultivation of the native language had been retarded by exceptional difficulties. For some two centuries after the Norman Conquest the accepted language of literature was a foreign one. The native tongue was unheard at the Court, and in the halls of the nobles. It was the tongue of inferiors and menials.

Late in the fourteenth century it was still unfashionable. "Gentlemen's children," says Trevisa, in 1384, "are taught for to speak French from time that they are rocked in their cradle, and can speak and play with a child's brooch; and uplandish men will liken themselves to gentlemen, and strive with great business for to speak French for to be more told of." And then he quotes the famous proverb—"Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." But, however unfashionable it might be, the great body of the nation, no doubt, clung to its mother-tongue; and, though for two centuries after the Conquest it could never boast of Norman patronage, yet it lived on vigorously among the native population. It had its cultivators in sundry monasteries, and in the districts remoter from Norman influence. It produced and nursed a literature of its own. It sang its songs in praise of its great King Alfred; it sang of its later hero, Hereward; it sang of its darling Robin Hood. Of these songs very few are now extant—none probably in their original shape. They have passed away with those who made, who sang, who heard them. In course of time the despised vernacular gained greater and greater importance and dignity. Its obstinate tenacity of existence conquered. It verified the old

praise conferred by a baffled enemy on Rome—

"Merses profundo ; pulchrior evenit."

It at last overpowered the language of the conquerors, and reigned supreme with no divided empire.

Signs of this triumph are visible in no scanty measure in Henry the Third's reign. The rise of the middle class, with its towns and their commerce and rising importance, the concomitant growth of a spirit of liberty and independence, the fierce contests between the Normans themselves—between the King and his barons—in which the power of the people made them a sort of arbitrators, their augmented and augmenting importance on this account, the unity and community of interests that were gradually established and felt—which was afterwards expressed in the national wars of Edward the First, and still more vividly in those of Edward the Third—all these changes and advances combined to promote and dignify the English language in the thirteenth century. The first notes of a general, as opposed to a class literature, belong to the middle of that century ; as also the appearance of a form of the English language closely akin to that of the present day. The oldest English political ballad we possess (printed in Percy's "Reliques" and elsewhere) belongs to the year 1264—the year of the battle of Lewes. The light kindled then has never been put out.

The earliest piece given by Mr. Morris—a piece of a very different character from that old satire—a paraphrase of the Life of Joseph from "The Story of Genesis and Exodus," belongs to about the same date. The following pieces trace the course of English literature for the next century and a half. They represent both our religious and our secular literature, which, as might be expected, were not so unequal either in quality or quantity as they are in our day. Of the six-and-twenty "Specimens," about half are of a religious cast. Ten out of the first sixteen are so. These clerical pieces include para-

phrases of the Psalms and other Biblical books, sermons in prose and verse, the life of a saint (a specimen of a highly popular class of literature in all monastic times, Anglo-Saxon and other), some verses on Baptism, and an extract from the "Pricke of Conscience." The secular catalogue is made up of romances, songs, political and erotic, chronicles, tales, travels. Robert of Gloucester, Minot, Mandeville, Trevisa, Chaucer, Gower, are all represented, so that an excellent notion may be gathered of the state of our literature during the generation preceding Chaucer and during Chaucer's lifetime. Names known to the reader from meagre hand-books are here attended by samples of their owners' works. He need no longer rest content with another traveller's report. He need no longer lie at the mercy of spies. He can visit the land in person. Who would be satisfied with reading his "Murray" who could see Italy with his own eyes ? Who would lie at the door and subsist on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, when he could sit by the rich man's side and feast with him ? Who would embrace a skeleton when he could take to his bosom a fair life-breathing form ? We devoutly hope that a time is coming when our old literature shall be more sincerely studied and read. "Outlines" are but a Lenten diet—unappetizing, insipid, indigestible. They are useful as guides and companions, are fair roads, but they are not the country that is to be seen. Of the mediæval country, with its romance, its superstitions, its faiths, its credulities, its humours, and fashions, Mr. Morris's "Specimens" give a faithful picture. We hope the picture will not want spectators.

We will conclude this paper by quoting, as a specimen of the "Specimens," a piece of lyric poetry, a fourteenth-century love song. This song has been printed before, but it will probably be new to very many of our readers. And for the benefit of those who have not yet familiarized themselves with the older forms of our language,

we shall venture to quote it in a modernized dress :—

"Between March and April,
When spray begins to spring,
The little fowl hath hiré¹ will
On hire lud² to sing.
I live in love-longing ;
For seemlokest³ of allé thyng
She may me blissé bring.
I am in her haundoun⁴—
A hendy⁵ hap I have y-hent,⁶
Ichot⁷ from heaven it is me sent.
From alle women my love is lent,
And light on Alysoun.

"On hue her hair is fair enough,
Her brow brown, her eye black ;
With lovesome cheer she on me lough,
With middle small and well y-mak.
But⁸ she me will to hiré take
For to be her owen make ;⁹
Long to live I shall forsake,

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| ¹ Her. | ² Song. | ³ Handsomest. |
| ⁴ Dominion. | ⁵ Lucky. | ⁶ Caught. |
| ⁷ I wot. | ⁸ Unless. | ⁹ Own mate. |

And fare¹⁰ fallen adown.
A hendy hap, &c

"Nightés, when I wend and wake,
For thee my wonges¹¹ waxeth wan ;
Lady, all for thiné sake
Longing is y-lent me on.
In world is none so wyter¹² man,
But all her bounty¹³ tellé can ;
Her swyre¹⁴ is whiter than the swan,
And fairest may¹⁵ in town.
A hendy hap, &c.

"I am for wooing all for weak ;
Weary, so water in wore ;¹⁶
Lest ane reavé¹⁷ me my make
I shall be yearned sore.
Better is Tholien¹⁸ while sore,
Than mournen evermore.
Fairest under gore,¹⁹
Hearken to my rouné.²⁰
A hendy hap, &c."

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| ¹⁰ Dead. | ¹¹ Cheeks. | ¹² Wise. |
| ¹³ Fr. Bonté. | ¹⁴ Neck. | ¹⁵ Maid. |
| ¹⁶ Were, pool. | ¹⁷ Rob. | ¹⁸ To suffer. |
| ¹⁹ Fairest one that wears dresses. | | |
| ²⁰ Prayer, song. | | |

THE BATTLE OF BURKE'S MINORITY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 12, 1771.

In the arena of the House of Commons resistance is rarely exerted to excess. The preponderance of the majority once proved, the minority generally accept defeat with docility. The minority, however, are but men ; defeat is never pleasant : temptation occasionally arises, delay may procure what argument could not accomplish. This temptation is strongest when prorogation-tide approaches : in the dusk of the session, the season of Parliament drawing to a close, the loss of a day may involve the loss of the bill. By utter weariness the majority may be driven to yield that day ; and repeated divisions, upon reiterated motions for adjournment, are the instruments by which this weariness is produced.

Resistance in such a form has no intellectual dignity wherewith to commend itself : it is wholly physical. Consequently, this course is rarely adopted

against measures of signal importance, or when the House is thronged. Whatever be the result,—of the mode of gaining that result the minority have never reason to feel proud : certainly not while it is in action. A spectacle more singular than seemly is then presented by the House of Commons. Division rapidly succeeds division : every ten minutes the scanty gathering of members is dispersed into the lobbies ; and each proclamation of the dwindling numbers of the assembly is greeted with louder shouts. Passion heats ; order in conduct almost disappears, in debate almost entirely. Speeches are solely directed to the encouragement of ceaseless obstinacy : are declarations that divisions shall continue while there exists a leg to move. To such speeches, yells, groans, and delirious laughter form fitting response. And so the Commons go round and round, dancing out the

small hours, through each division lobby; made as much "like unto a wheel," as their enemies could desire. At last, the clear grave grey of dawn-light brings utter weariness to the body, if not conviction to the mind. Of what was "excellent sport, i' faith" at two o'clock—"would it were done" is felt at four.

The "Waterloo" among parliamentary battles of this kind was fought on the 12th of March, 1771. The game of obstinacy was then played out to the full. Delay solely for delay's sake, and annoyance only to annoy, were that day inflicted by Edmund Burke upon the House of Commons. Led by him, the minority did all their possible to obstruct the majority; and as their object was freedom of the press, we, at least, may pardon an obstinacy that seemed instinct with faction.

The year 1771 was central, it will be remembered, in the period of national unrest that preceded Pitt's supremacy. All classes of society then were aiming at mastery; but master there was none. Riots disclosed the power of the people, and libels of the press. The strength of Parliament was shown by arbitrary exertion of their privileges. The city of London addressed unconstitutional language to the sovereign; and he extended unconstitutional influence wherever he could reach. Everybody's hand was against everybody; but it was only to irritate. The Lords quarrelled with the Commons, and the Commons with the Lords, and both with the people. The King quarrelled with his Ministers, and would have quarrelled with his Parliament, had he not preferred to bribe it. One power alone maintained its ground, namely, the power of the pamphleteer; nor was that without trial. Printers were fined and imprisoned by the Lords: the Commons reprimanded and committed them to the Serjeant. The Crown gave to these proceedings both countenance and counsel. But it was in vain. The orders of Parliament were evaded: the laugh was turned against it; and laughter usually bespeaks the winning side.

The evening of 12th March, 1771,

was the climax of the struggle between Parliament and the press. The libeller, however, was not then selected for attack: it was only the mere publisher of parliamentary debates. And if popular feeling was too strong for Parliament, when the cause of literary decency was advocated, success was hardly to be anticipated in the case of a mere breach of privilege. Then, as now, publication of parliamentary debates was a direct infraction of the orders of both Houses; nor had the spirit of the rule, though departing, ceased to animate the letter. The efficacy of that order was this year, for the first time, openly tested. The magazines were commencing to print the debates, giving, without disguise, the names of the debaters. Nor was this after the session had concluded; the narrative of parliamentary transactions was made public, while the Houses were sitting. This was a signal proof of the audacity of the press. By stealth only, however, the reporter still exercised his calling: and to impose undue concealment on a harmless effort, often acts as a prompter to harmfulness. Undeserved obscurity tempts an undesirable publicity. Reports of the debates were accompanied often by most irregular comments: members were not only mentioned by name, but openly abused. And newspapers naturally attacked those that would naturally attack them. The two Onslows, for instance, the Colonel and George, were by family tradition specially bound to maintain the dignity of the Commons. They were son and nephew of the late Speaker: their very name is still redolent of a parliamentary savour. "Cocking George," "paltry, insignificant insects," and "scoundrels," the "greater and the lesser," were prefixes too commonly appended to their names. The Onslows not unnaturally did what they could in return. Early in this session of 1771, at their instigation, the Commons ordered two printers into custody. It was competent to the House to make the order; to enforce it, proved impossible. London sided with the printers; the messengers of Parliament were hustled away; they returned to Westminster empty-handed.

This sign of the times was, however, unheeded by the champions of privilege. On the 12th March, 1771, Colonel Onslow lodged a formal complaint against "the printed newspapers intitled" *The Morning* and *The St. James's Chronicle*, *The London Packet*, *The Whitehall Evening Post*, and *The General* and *The London Evening Post*, and against their printers and publishers, Woodfall, Baldwin, Evans, Bladon, T. Wright, and J. Miller. The charge was made with due formality. It was alleged that these newspapers contained the debates, and misrepresented the speeches of members of Parliament, "in contempt of the orders, and in breach of the privileges of this House." Then followed the great battle of delay. The majority at the outset mustered 140, and the minority 43; these numbers dwindled to 72 and 10 during the twelve hours' struggle that ensued.

Lord North, then in the second year of office, led one party; and Edmund Burke the other. The side befitting the King's "own" Minister need not be stated. The fury of the two Onslows took, indeed, the matter out of his hands. North supplied the authority of Government: but they led the attack. And with them ranged Welbore Ellis, a veteran placeman; and also another placeman, not quite so old in office, bearing a name rather more celebrated, namely Mr. Charles Fox. He was then a member and a Lord of the Admiralty of two years' standing. He had, in body, barely attained the legal age of manhood: he certainly had not then reached full mental maturity. His impulsive nature, swayed by the arbitrary principles of his father, made him zealous for authority. He did not speak much; but he was diligent as division-teller. The party opposed to liberty thus included, by the accident of a year, this noble, still-loved man. Otherwise the roll of well-known names among the minority, would have been indeed preponderant.

There was their leader, Edmund Burke, foremost every way. His cousin William fought under him to

the last. So did Sir William Meredith, whose memory will live with the history of our religious liberty; and Governor Pownall, also, taught by the sound judgment that inclined him to the right view of the great question of that era. All these, indeed, having maintained the cause of freedom beyond the Atlantic, were not likely to forget the printer at their door: and in both cases they were content to play what seemed to be an utterly losing game. Colonel Barré, too, gave the help of his rude and ready tongue. And, thanks to the "Rolliad," we find among the rank and file a name not quite undistinguishable — Sir Joseph Mawbey's, who was coupled with Thrale in the representation of Southwark. He dealt somewhat in poetry, but more in pigs, a conjunction of aim that prompted that scoff of the satirist, that has given duration to the name of Mawbey. And one who, if he lives at all in our recollection, owes that life to the hireling writers he abused, appears in the characteristic attitude of a neutral: for

"To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,"

seems on this occasion to have been unattainable by Burke. If, according to the receipt of epic poetry, description of a coming storm was ushered in by invocation to the genius of disorder, the invocation would be claimed by the demonic Wilkes: for the tumult was not only to his heart, but of his making. He it was, who incited the press to an open publication of parliamentary debates; and his influence was present during the evening of 12th March, 1771, though not his person, for that was under sentence of expulsion from the House of Commons.

Mischief was Wilkes's element; and nothing would have pleased him more than to hear Speaker Cust put the first question in that debate, for not less than forty motions were to spring out of that unpretending sentence, and forty-fold irritation to that impatient gentleman. The question first put was, "That the said paper, intitled *The Morning Chronicle*, Monday, March 4th, 1771,

"printed for W. Woodfall, be delivered in at the table, and read." The House "divided," as the Journal tells us: "the Yeas went forth," and were 140 against 43.

Such was the commencement of the sport that Colonel Onslow had provided for the Commons. He undertook to bring before them "three brace of printers." His argument was, "that it is nonsense to have rules, and not to put them in force;" and, having got the newspaper read, he moved that Woodfall be summoned before the House. George Onslow seconded the motion; and a member spoke in its favour. Language used in parliament, he said, was constantly misrepresented by the magazines; though, with a mighty simplicity, he admitted that the reporters "often made for him a better speech, than he could have made for himself." The name of one so honest should survive—it was a Mr. Ongly. To him responded Mawbey, the poetic pig-dealer. In pleading, however, the counsel of moderation, his cockney tongue brought on him derision. He reverted incautiously to Colonel Onslow's metaphor, "the three brace of printers;" he desired to exhibit kindred humour; he begged the House to refrain from "hunting down the covey."—"Who ever heard of hunting partridges?" was Lord Strange's crushing retort. My lord was also strong for the dignity of the House.

The tactics of opposition being unmatured, Woodfall was ordered to the bar without opposition, and the summons of a second printer was proposed. The spirit of controversy here aroused itself. Sir H. Cavendish, our ear-witness, jots down on the paper in his hand, "very warm." And in answer to exclamations—"weary out the printers, weary out their pockets," "this is no trifling matter, it must and shall be punished," is heard a threat,—"I will divide the House on every one of these papers."

The idea is caught up by the minority: it is improved on by Colonel Barré. He proceeds to invent an amendment that to be appreciated requires explanation. The reporter to the *St. James's Chronicle*,

the culprit then in question, had sinned thus against propriety. In his narrative of a debate, he suggested that Mr. Dyson, Weymouth's representative, was "the d—n of this country." This stood for bigoted Conservative, or veteran placeman in the language of the day. So delicate an indication of dislike to Mr. Dyson was, however, somewhat veiled. The name of the borough was substituted for that of the member: "Jeremiah Weymouth" was declared to be England's curse. This feature in the libel was taken hold of by Barré. He advocated strict accuracy. It was not correct that that mis-statement should be entered on their proceedings: no member bore the name of Weymouth. So Barré clothed the point in parliamentary shape, and put into the Speaker's mouth a motion, "That Jeremiah Weymouth, Esq., the d—n of this country, is not a member of this House." The question was gravely argued. The Premier rose to reply. And to parry this formal absurdity another formality was used: the "previous question" was resorted to; and by a majority of 82 it was determined "That that question be not now put."

The Jeremiah Weymouth motion was thus warded off. But the joke was too good to let slip: the unwearied minority started another technical difficulty. Colonel Barré and Mr. Onslow rose together. "As being first in the Speaker's eye," Onslow claimed priority in debate. That Barré had stood up first was asserted by his party. With whom lay the right of speech was tenaciously disputed. The opportunity for vexation and delay was most acceptable. Motions and amendments were originated, some comic, some serious. Burke, with mock earnestness,—of course at length,—argued upon the point of "the Speaker's eye." It was, he said, a novel doctrine: he desired to be shown the passage in the Journals that contained those words, "the Speaker's eye." And, with that curious observance of order in disorder that marks the House of Commons its Journals were examined up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The appetite for "precedents" being thus satiated, the more common tactics of delay were persistently employed. These for a moment became exhausted, though the patience of the minority was not. The question from which the House had been severed by an interval of some hours' duration was replaced in the Speaker's mouth; and Mr. Baldwin's summons to the bar, as printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, was finally moved and carried.

He was, however, but the second offender in the motion of complaint. Six hours had been spent. Only one of the three brace of printers was, to use Mawbey's phrase, "hunted down." Symptoms of distress arose: a member querulously remarked that it was half-past ten o'clock; that at the rate at which they were proceeding, it would take, at least, thirteen hours to procure the committal of the four remaining printers. This was much too feeble a remark to please any one. The House was still "very warm." A few quotations will show the state of the atmosphere. Mr. Onslow exclaimed, "Good God, Sir! let any one think of the language used in the newspapers, and say 'whether it is not high time for the House to interfere.'" Sir Wm. Meredith retorted, "So long as I have health and strength I will stay here to oppose this wretched proceeding." "I shall not be hindered from going on with these divisions because gentlemen call it a childish business," added Burke. "Constitutions are in such a case of little consideration; I am for going on 'till to-morrow night,'" asserts another member. Nor were these plucky declarations left unfulfilled. Both sides were properly obstinate. It took seven more motions and divisions to procure the summons of the printer who stood next upon the list of proscription.

Mr. Whitworth here distinguished himself by a successful sally upon the victorious majority. He claimed that if the printer did come before them, it should "be together with all his compositors, pressmen, correctors, blackers, and 'devils.'" The idea pleased Mr. Burke:

his fancy kindled at the absurdity. The printer's train suggested analogous illustration. "These are the fitting symbols 'of the printer's vocation,'" he said; "without his 'blackers and devils' a printer would be no more, than the Speaker would be without the mace, or a First Lord of the Treasury without 'his majority.'" To a polite ear one of the printer's satellites had a name quite intolerable. It was pleaded that the word "devil" should be omitted from the sentence. The proposal came from one of Burke's own band, but in vain. The devil might not be spared: "he 'is the most material personage in the 'whole business,'" was the leader's answer. Respect for the unseen world could not hold its ground in the House, nor could respect for the solemn record of its proceedings. The Speaker is plaintively appealed to: "Can, Sir, such a disgraceful motion as this be placed on our 'votes?'" The Speaker makes plaintive reply, "This motion will go into the Journals. What will posterity say?" The motion has gone into the Journals; it certainly has a singular appearance on pages generally so solemn. The hope that the Speaker is not now as annoyed by this entry, as we have been amused, is all that is left to posterity to say.

The Journal dated March 12, 1771, has truly a singular aspect. The page contains, of course, those samples of an extra-parliamentary vocabulary. The words also, "the House divided," are repeated, time after time. The page is perfectly studded with the records of these divisions. The Yeas go forth—the Noes go forth:—it is being perpetually moved that "this House do now adjourn;" that "the said paper be not delivered in and read;" that "the question be now put:" and all these motions are as persistently negatived as they are affirmed. A review of that evening's debate suggests a rejoinder to Speaker Cust's interrogatory. Posterity must say for its own part, that, extraordinary as is the look of that Journal page, the conduct of the Speaker himself must have been still more extraordinary. He increased, rather than

diminished the indecorum of the scene. To be solemn, unbending, statuesque, is the demeanour that is expected of the occupant of the chair. But, and not once only, ejaculations such as these were heard issuing from beneath the canopy: "I am weary, sick, tired." "I am heartily tired of this business;"—cries only answered by Barré's ironical condolence, "I will have compassion on you, Sir; I will move the adjournment of the House." A very doubtful act of sympathy, that causes at least an half hour's further detention.

Even stoutest parliamentary "zealoters" must yield to utter weariness of body. Sir H. Cavendish, to whom we are indebted for an insight into this singular debate, went away before the close; and with his disappearance, disappears the scene. Unknown must remain the jests, threats of further resistance, and argumentative incoherencies that attended the conclusion. The Journal, however, reveals a continuance of divisions and motions, and that the game was carried on till the voters dwindled down to a majority of 72 and a minority of 10. After a struggle of twelve hours' duration, the last of the

six printers was ordered to attend the House, no one contradicting. Five o'clock had struck before the combatants separated.

Though beaten outwardly, the minority in reality were the victors. Burke stated, in justification of conduct that appeared so unjustifiable, that it was with deliberation that he "abandoned argument for adjournment:" that he had succeeded in his object; that those twenty-three divisions "will make gentlemen sick of the business." So it was. This stubborn opposition, this proof that coercion of the press should be "as troublesome as possible," was a lesson not thrown away. Though subjected to occasional exclusion, and much inconvenience, reporters were never again wholly debarred from exercise of their useful labours. And with the sense of power came the feeling of propriety. Touching this debate, as we have seen, Speaker Cust appeals for sympathy to a future age: Burke did the like; but it was in a tone of exultation. Experience teaches us to agree rather with Burke than Cust: "posterity" does "bless the pertinacity of that day."

REGINALD PALGRAVE.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LI.

GERTRUDE THINKS HERSELF SUPERIOR TO
SIR DOUGLAS.

THERE is a grievous moment in the lives of many who love humbly and sincerely, and think little of themselves; a moment of strange contradiction of all the previous impressions of that love; a dethroning, as it were, of its object. No longer better, wiser, greater than all other mortal creatures: no longer the infallible guide, the crown and glory of

life: loved still, but loved in a different way. Something of splendour departed, we know not where: something of security vanished, we know not why: such is the change that comes at such times. It comes to men in the first consciousness of their over-estimation of some fair syren whose song has only lured them to the rocks and shoals of existence. It comes to women whose love has bordered on adoration, when they feel compelled to mingle *pity* with the regard they bestow on their husbands.

When Gertrude read—with strained

and amazed eyes—the letter put into her hands that morning, she pressed her lips to the signature with the kiss of passionate pity one bestows on a wounded child.

“Oh my poor Douglas! my husband!” was all she said. But in that one brief grieving sentence, they seemed to change positions for ever. He stood lower: she stood higher. Never could *she* have been so deceived! Never, though all the stars in heaven had seemed to shed their light on the deception, could *she* have accepted as against him the wretched forgery of proof he had accepted against *her*. Never!

Poor Douglas! Ay, poor indeed. Beggared of trust, and hope, and belief in human nature; for if he doubted *her*, in whom could he believe?

The sick pang at her heart increased. She rang, and ordered preparations for instant departure; and then she once more sat down to re-read the strange lines penned by that familiar hand. That hand which had clasped hers at the altar; which had detained her with its warm, gentle, almost trembling grasp, when first they stood together on the threshold of her new home at Glenrossie; detained her that he might murmur in her ear, before she entered, his hope that she would be always happy there; his wife, his own for evermore.

She was a girl then. She was a young matron now. If it was not for her handsome schoolboy, Neil, the years had flown so swiftly that it might seem but yesterday she blushed through that bridal hour of love, and heard that welcome HOME; that blessed sentence, spoken in music, since spoken by *his* voice.

And now, what had he written? How could he write so? Poor Douglas!

“Gertrude,” the letter said, “I am spared at least the anguish of explanation, by being enabled to enclose you these papers. Your own letter and” (there was a blur here, as though the name “Kenneth” had been begun and effaced) “*my nephew's*.”

“I endeavour to do you justice, and believe that his conduct at Naples and

many combining circumstances, made you think it best to reject him,—and accept me.

“I feel certain that no worldly calculations mingled with the arguments of others, or your own thoughts, when you so decided.

“You could not then perhaps test the strength or weakness of your heart. You mated your youth with my age: a gap of long years stretched between us!

“I have the less time remaining to suffer from the remembrance of my bitter loss.

“Whether my life of loneliness to come, shall be longer than I could desire, or brief as I wish, you will see me no more. I shall endeavour to devote myself to the service of my country, as in earlier days. Not in unmanly despair, but in submission to God, I trust to spend what measure of the future He may allot me.

“For you—you know me too well to doubt my desire that all this should pass without open scandal; and without that bitterness which assumes a right of vengeance for irreparable wrong.

“I am gone. I will not part you from your son. I have seen what that suffering is in other women; that tearing out of the heart by the roots. You will doubtless be much with your mother; but when Neil's holidays come, you will meet him at Glenrossie, and remain with him there. I shall see him—but not now. I make no condition; except that you avoid all explanation with him. Let him—at least in this his happy boyhood—know me *absent*, not *parted*, from home ties. Let all around you think the same.

“I have hesitated to add anything respecting the *cause* of our separation. I will only say that it is a dreary satisfaction to me to believe that, seeing what your first step towards sin has brought about, you will never take a second.

“In leaving you Neil, I leave a hostage against all possibility of actual dishonour.

“DOUGLAS ROSS.”

Then followed a very few hurried lines, apparently written after the letter

was concluded; the ink paler, the sentence blotted immediately after writing.

"Gertrude—I find it impossible to close this letter,—my last letter to my wife,—and not say——"

There the lines ended that were decipherable! Pore over them, and turn them which way she would, she could not make out more than the two words "selfish love." Selfish? was it his, was it Kenneth's? Was he relenting to her, even while he sealed her sentence of exile from his heart? Was there LOVE in those blurred lines? love of which she was cheated, by their being so defaced? Or had some phrase of warning,—too severe, in his merciful view of her case,—occupied that last fraction of the fair white sheet of paper, so full of suppressed accusation and stifled regrets?

It was with a shudder that Gertrude thought of Kenneth, and gazed once more at his mad letter. Gazed, too, at the answer, so ingeniously fitted in with its mosaic of forgery! She could not doubt who had betrayed her to this misery. Alice! Alice, and (if it were possible to believe he were again within hail) James Frere! He had been convicted of forgery. He had etched and imitated for Dowager Lady Clochnaben in the early days of their intimacy, with a skill which had been the marvel of all who beheld it. She did not for one moment doubt what had happened: and, strange to say, the more she thought of it, the less miserable she felt. It was all so transparently clear. She had only to get to Douglas—(poor Douglas!)—and explain it, and say, "Half of this letter is indeed mine, but the other half is a forgery; how *could* you believe in it?" and then—then—she would be happier than ever! Happy, with the weight off her heart of all past partial concealments (all attempted for *his* sake—his own dear sake,—to save *him* pain); happy, with the embarrassment of Kenneth's presence removed for good; happy, *alone* in the lovely home of Glenrossie with her husband; without Alice,—cruel, cunning, cat-like Alice. Only her husband, and her boy, and her mother, and true friends.

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CHAPTER LII.

ON WINGS OF HOPE, A JOURNEY.

EAGER, almost elate, dying to be in Sir Douglas's presence, in his kindly clasping arms, Gertrude tied her bonnet-strings with hurried, trembling fingers; and telling her maid that very important business had called Sir Douglas to London, and that she was to follow him with Lady Charlotte, sent that shrewd abigail to Glenrossie with the message, and continued her preparations, without a word to her mother of the dreadful letter, only that "important business" called them to town; and with an effort at gaiety, which even to that simple-minded parent, seemed strange and hysterical.

Then she suddenly bethought her of the *proof*—the easy proof of forgery, which lay in her desk at Glenrossie, the first rough copy of her letter to Kenneth—not meant, indeed, for a rough copy, but cast aside after writing it, as containing passages, reasonings with him, which were as well omitted. She *must* get that letter. The delay of getting that must be borne, and then she would set out for their London house, and see her husband. Lady Charlotte might wait for her in Edinburgh; it was needless fatigue for that fragile traveller to go to Glenrossie and back. Gertrude would go alone.

She did go alone. Pale and excited, she passed by the good old butler, who had already settled in his own mind that things looked "no canny" in his master's hurried departure. She asked for Neil as she flitted by, and was told he was out with the keeper; then, swift and noiseless as a ghost, she reached the door of her own bright morning-room and opened it wide. It was already occupied.

There in the sunshine—witch-like and spiteful—smiling a smile such as ought never to wreath the woman's lips, sat Alice Ross, curled up and lounging on the green ottoman, Kenneth's favourite resort. She did not immediately perceive Gertrude; she was smiling that

evil smile at the maid, who stood in her shawl and bonnet as she had arrived, nervously pinning and unpinning her large pebble brooch, and staring down at Miss Ross, who had just finished a sentence of which the word "packing" was all that reached Gertrude's ear.

The maid uttered an exclamation at sight of her lady, and curtsied; and Alice, startled into attention, rose, or rather leaped, with feline activity from her feline attitude of repose.

The pale mistress of Glenrossie Castle looked steadily at her false sister-in-law, on whose lips the odd smile still flickered with a baleful light, and who, having risen, continued mutely standing, neither bidding good-morrow, nor otherwise acknowledging her presence.

"This is *my* room," said Lady Ross, as, unable to restrain her impatience to possess herself of her letter, she advanced to the escritoire.

The proud sentence of dismissal changed Alice's smile to a little audible laugh.

"True, but ye were not expected here," she said; with slow Scotch emphasis on the "*not*."

Then, as Gertrude feverishly searched, and searched in vain, for the purloined paper, and turned at last (paler than ever) to conscious "Ailie,"—convinced through whose misdoing it was no longer there—the half-sister of Sir Douglas with mocking bitterness added,—

"Kenneth's off for Edinburgh, like other folk. It's hard to be parted from what one loves."

There was a world of emphasis in the creature's last slow sentence.

"God forgive you, Alice Ross," said Gertrude; "Douglas never will, when he knows all."

"That will be very unchristian," said the imperturbed and imperturbable Ailie. And with a repetition of the audible little laugh, she tossed the ends of her boa together, and glided out of the room, and was down the corridor and up the stair and away to her own tower chamber, before the heavy shivering sigh from Gertrude's heart had died away into silence.

It was perhaps with a wistful excuse for the great and honest anxiety which weighed on his mind, that the old butler came to the door and knocked, though it stood still half open, inquiring doubtfully whether her "Leddyship" would not take some refreshment after her journey.

Gertrude did not at first hear or heed him. She stood with her eyes fixed on the escritoire, and murmured to herself half aloud, "Oh! what shall I do?"

"Trust in God," said the old servant.

He had seen three generations now of this house, and considered himself as much a part of it as the very trees on whose rough branches, when Sir Douglas and Kenneth were boys, their cold step-mother had hung the two dogs.

Trust in God.

Then Gertrude looked up, and said gently, rather absently, "I am going to London. Tell Neil when he comes in."

"When will ye be back, my Leddy?"

The question nearly broke down her resolve to seem calm. She faltered out the words, "I expect we shall be back in a couple of days or so."

WE. The old man looked doubtfully and compassionately at her, and left the apartment. After a minute's pause Gertrude left it also. She looked back as she quitted it. That lovely room, with all its chosen treasures!

The sentence that spoke of her coming to it only as a visitor—that sentence in Sir Douglas's letter which bid her "meet Neil at Glenrossie during his holidays"—rose in her mind with spectral force. She chased it away, and smiled—a quivering, tender smile. Soon she would see that dear husband, and convince him! Soon all would be well again. They would yet chat and laugh together, by winter hearth and summer sunshine, in that room!

Eyes followed her as she departed: of keen, watchful Alice, peering from her tower; the eyes, faded, wrinkled, and kindly, of the aged butler, who had seen Old Sir Douglas a cradled child! The eyes of her maid, who, neither better nor worse than others of her class, had been listening to all sorts

of malevolent gossip and evil prophecy from Alice Ross, and had been prepared for thorough belief in that gossip, by inspection of Sir Douglas's letter before it even reached her lady's hand. For they all had an instinct that something unusual was going on. Why should Sir Douglas write, when in an hour or two her mistress would be home? Why should Lady Ross herself sit half the night before she went to Edinburgh, writing, and forgetting to undress—though her weary maid coughed and sighed, to remind her that she was waiting in the ante-room, the candles burning low, and yawns becoming more and more frequent? Why?

"Sir Douglas and milady were certainly going to part, only milady didn't wish it, because of her reputation; Mr. Kenneth was at the bottom of it all."

How very quickly did the household arrive at this portentous conclusion, which Sir Douglas imagined could be kept a secret from every one! A secret! You may keep a secret from your bosom friend; from your father confessor; but *not* from the man who stands behind your chair at dinner, or the female who "lays out" your dressing things at night. Your looks are their books; your thoughts their principal subject of speculation; your actions, in *esse* or *posse*, the main topic of their mutual discourse.

Neil dined and supped (most discontentedly) alone with Alice, whom he profoundly disliked, that day; and wondered with the keeper during the rest of his time, what ever could have happened to his father's hand?

And the old keeper shook his head solemnly, and repeated for the fiftieth time that it was "maist surprisin', for gude Sir Douglas hadna a gun oot wi' him the morn'." And [it was more surprising still that he had given no account of the accident to any one.

And so they all chatted, and wondered; while Gertrude travelled "on and on," like a princess in a fairy tale, till at length on the morrow the haven was reached, and she stood on the steps of her London home, and entered it.

Yes; Sir Douglas *had* arrived the previous day; he was out just then, but he was *there*; in their usual abode when in town.

And Gertrude also was there! She drew a long breath, a happy sigh; and pressed her mother's anxious little hand with a languid weary smile of joy.

She had only to wait for his coming in; and then all would be well.

Only to wait.

CHAPTER LIII.

WAITING FOR JOY.

GERTRUDE waited. At first patiently, pleasurably; her soft, glad eyes wandering over familiar objects; all diverse, but all covered by the misty cloud of her one thought.

Then she grew restless, and rose, and walked to and fro over the rich carpet, with that pain at the temples and in the knees which comes to nervous persons who have waited too long in anxiety and suspense.

Then she became exhausted and weary. All day long she had not broken her fast; she could not eat; something seemed to choke her in the attempt. She grew paler and paler, till at last Lady Charlotte's increasing alarm took the shape of words, which framed themselves into a little plaintive scolding.

"Now, Gertrude, I can see that whatever news Douglas has sent you, isn't pleasant news; and I don't want to interfere between man and wife, or ask what you don't offer to tell me, though I've been wondering all day what has happened; and whether he has put his money into a lottery, and lost it; or what; for I know nothing new has happened to Kenneth;—not that Douglas is a likely man to put into a lottery, but still, however superior he may be, he might choose the wrong number, you know, and draw a blank, and you would have to retrench. Indeed, I once knew a man (a very clever man, and a friend of your father's) who was quite ruined by putting into a lottery. He chose 503, and the winning number was 505—only two off!—so very distressing

and provoking! However, he taught drawing afterwards, in crayons and pastel, and did pretty well, and people were very sorry for him. But what I wanted to say was this—that you really *must* eat something, if only a sandwich, or a biscuit; for I am sure Douglas will be quite vexed when he comes in, to see you looking as you do. And you won't be able to talk matters over with him, or settle what should be done."

The last of these wandering sentences was the one that roused Gertrude. True, she would not be able to talk matters over, if she felt as faint and exhausted as she did then. She would take something. She rang, and ordered biscuits and wine, and smiled over them at her mother, who, still dissatisfied, pulled her ringlet, and even bit the end of it, (which she only did in great extremities,) saying, "I wish you would tell me, Gertrude: I do so hate mysteries."

"So do I, my little mother; but this is Douglas's secret, not mine;" and with a gentle embrace, Gertrude hushed the querulous little woman; and then turning with a sigh to the window, "It is getting very late," she said, "Douglas must be dining at his club. Call me when he comes, and I will lie down on the sofa meanwhile."

The fatigue and agitation of the day, and the nourishment, light as it was, that Gertrude had taken, together with the increasing stillness and dimness of all things round her, soon lulled her senses into torpor, and suspense was lost in a deep, quiet sleep.

Lady Charlotte dozed a little too; but her fatigue was less and her restlessness greater. She was extremely curious to know what had occurred, and was mentally taking an inventory of the objects in the room, with a view to a possible auction—if Sir Douglas had indeed ruined himself by staking his all on a lottery-ticket—when she heard the rapid wheels of his cab drive up to the house, saw him alight, and heard the door of the library open and swing to, as he entered that sanctum.

Lady Charlotte glanced towards her daughter, who was still sleeping pro-

foundly. It was a pity to wake her. She would go down herself and see Sir Douglas, and he could come by and by to Gertrude.

In pursuance of this resolve, she went gently down the broad staircase, somewhat haunted by recollections of days when Eusebia used to sail down them, dressed in very full dress for the opera, outshining her hostess and sister-in-law alike in the multiplicity of her gowns and of her conquests, and preceding Gertrude, more simply attired, and leaning in dull domesticity on her husband's arm.

"And now only suppose he is ruined; it will be worse even than Kenneth!" thought the bewildered mother, as she pushed the heavy green baize door forward, and came into Sir Douglas's presence.

"Oh, dear!" was all she said when she saw him; and she stood for a moment extremely frightened and perplexed, pulling her long curl to a straight line in her agitation.

For it seemed to her that if ever she saw the image of a ruined man, she saw it now!

The table was loaded with parcels, with parchments, with letters; a hatacase and a swordcase were at one end, and an open paper, looking very like a deed, or a lease, or a will, by the heavy silver inkstand at the other.

Sir Douglas himself, pale as death, except one bright scarlet spot at his cheekbone,—with a grieved, determined look on his mouth which she had never seen there before,—was apparently giving final directions, to his man of business; and as that person bowed and retired, he turned, with what seemed to poor Lady Charlotte a most haughty and angry stare, to see who was intruding upon him at this other entrance.

Her alarm increased, when with a sudden fire in his eyes (looking, she thought, "so like Kenneth!") he recognised her, and without further welcome than "Good God, Lady Charlotte!" motioned her, as it were, to leave him.

Lady Charlotte had a little access of peevish courage at that moment, for she thought, if this was the mood of her

daughter's husband, he might disturb and alarm his wife beyond measure. He might really make her quite ill after all her fatigue. Her poor tired Gertrude! It would be very unfair!

Lady Charlotte was a weak woman, but what strength she had, lay in love for her daughter; and though rather afraid of Sir Douglas at all times, she was least afraid when it was a question of Gertrude's well-being. Like the lady in the old ballad, who saw the armed ghost:—

"Love conquered fear"—

even in her. She was, besides, rather angry with her stately son-in-law for being "ruined," (which was her *idée fixe* for the hour,) so she said very bravely, "I do hope, Sir Douglas, before you go up to Gertrude—whatever you have to tell her——"

But Sir Douglas did not wait for the end of the sentence. He said, in a sort of hoarse whisper, "Is she *here*?"

"Of course she is here. Good gracious, you might be sure she would come directly; and what I wanted to beg——"

Again Sir Douglas interrupted. He advanced a few steps, and stood close to Lady Charlotte, looking down on her, as she afterwards expressed it, "most frightfully," while the hot spot vanished out of his cheek, and even his lips grew ashy pale.

"You have come to plead for her?" he said, in a low, strange tone. "Do not attempt it. It would be utterly in vain. My resolves are taken. Tell Gertrude—tell Lady Ross—that all is over for ever between us. She may rouse me to wrath, she may rouse me to *madness*" (and he struck his breast wildly with his clenched hand as he spoke), "but the lost love, and the vanished trust, she will never raise to life again while *my* life lasts. Make no scandal of lamenting here, among servants and inferiors. Take her away. Do not speak. I will hear nothing. Do not write. I will read no letter that alludes to her. So far as lies in my power her very name (and, thank

God, it is not a common one) shall never be uttered before me again."

He paused, and leaned his hand on the table among those scattered papers, to which Lady Charlotte's terrified and bewildered eyes mechanically followed. Then he resumed, in a stern, unnaturally quiet tone.

"All my arrangements are made. This house will be sold as soon as they can conveniently be carried out. I leave it in a few minutes for ever. I have spoken to—to your daughter—about Neil's holidays at Glenrossie. She will have told you. There is war now threatening for England; and chances——" (of death in battle for men desirous to die—was the thought; but he did not give it utterance). He broke suddenly off. "I must wish you farewell, Lady Charlotte! I wish you farewell!"

Whether he vanished, or leaped out of the window, or went through one of the library doors like any other mortal Christian man, Lady Charlotte could never have told to her dying day. Gasping with terror and surprise far too real and intense for the little bursts of weeping in the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which were the ordinary safety-valves of her emotion; dimly comprehending that it was a dreadful quarrel between him and Gertrude—not "ruin" of fortune, or rash speculation, that caused this bewildering outburst—the poor little woman tottered away, and crept back up the handsome staircase, desecrated by memories of Eusebia's triumphs, as far as the first landing. There she sat down to consider what she could possibly do next. Was she to wake Gertrude only to tell her all this? Her tired Gertrude, who lay slumbering so softly? Surely not! She must think; she must reflect; she could not yet even re-enter the drawing-room. She "didn't know what on earth to do." So Lady Charlotte sat on the landing in the half-lit house, leaning on a great roll of carpeting which was deposited there, "the family being out of town." And the under-housemaid passing that way saw the

lady sitting thus strangely on the stairs; and not knowing what else to say, asked "if she would like some tea?" And Lady Charlotte, in an abstracted and despairing sort of way, replied, "Oh! dear no; never again—*never!*" And the under-housemaid told the housekeeper; and the two or three servants at the town-house came to quite as rapid a conclusion as the servants at Glenrossie. "Sir Douglas had come up to London in *such* a flutter; and had gone away without even saying good-bye to my lady, though she was in the drawing-room; and my lady's mother had been seen sitting on the landing of the stairs, and had said she never would drink tea again!"

What *could* that mean but family disruption, separation, perhaps divorce?

And all this while Gertrude slumbered on. Oh! how tranquil, and peaceful, and child-like, were those slumbers! No warning dream mingled with their stillness. She heard no sound of the rushing train speeding along blank lines, and under dull echoing tunnels, in the pale moonlight, to reach the great sea-port of England. No echo of the beating ocean plashing and heaving under the dark steamer, whose powerful revolving machinery was to carry away that grieving, angry heart; that deceived husband! She saw no visions of her Douglas sitting alone on the dim deck, leaning over the ship's side—

"Watching the waves that fled before his face"—

and seeing nothing there but his own sorrow.

She slept:—as children sleep, through a thunder-storm, or with death busy in the house; all outward things sealed from her perceptions; gently barred and shuttered out,—even as the common light was barred, by the closing against it of her smooth white eyelids.

And long after her mother had crept from the landing, up the second short flight of bare uncarpeted steps, into the room she had left, she still slept on!

And Lady Charlotte watched her

with fear and trembling; wondering what she should do, and how comport herself, when Gertrude should open those serene orbs and ask if Douglas had yet returned?

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW JOY VANISHED.

THAT moment came. The sweet eyes slowly lifted their long curtaining lashes, with the transient bewilderment in them, of one who has slept in a strange place; and then the sweet lips smiled, and with a look of rest and refreshment in her countenance, she sat up and spoke the dreaded words:—"My darling mother, how fagged you look: is it very late? *Is Douglas come in?*"

In a moment more she had started to her feet; for Lady Charlotte looked vaguely at her, trembling excessively, without attempting to answer the question.

"Mother, dearest mother, he *is* come, and you have seen him. My foolish Douglas! Where is he? Did he frighten you? Oh! it is all so base and bad, I wanted to wait till I had seen him, till all was well again, before you were pained by knowing! Where is he?" and she passed swiftly to the door as if to go to him.

Lady Charlotte flung her arms round her daughter.

"My darling Gertie, you must take patience; you must, indeed: he wasn't fit to be spoken to: he wasn't really quite in his right mind; he was raving."

"Mother—do not detain me—I *must* see my husband! I had rather he struck me dead than not attempt to meet him now and try to convince him of the truth. I know him! I know him! I know his inmost soul. He will hear *me*, if he will hear no one else. You don't know what has happened."

"Gertrude, my love, my dearest,—it is of no use—you—you can't see him—he is gone!"

"Gone where? Gone,—rather than meet me! Gone back to Scotland?"

"Oh! dear me, I'm sure I don't know where he is gone, or what he is at! He was quite as wild as Kenneth at Naples, only not so rude, (but much more dreadful!) and he said all sorts of shocking things about wrath, and madness, and not trusting, and never seeing you again; and, that he wouldn't hear me speak of you,—and wouldn't read anything written about you,—and that your name should never be uttered before him as long as he lived!"

"And you let me sleep on!"

Lady Charlotte scarcely heard this exclamation, but continued hurriedly—

"And he said this house was to be sold; and that all his arrangements were made (whatever that might mean), and that he had told you already about Glenrossie and Neil—and——"

"Oh, mother! oh, mother! oh, mother!" burst from Gertrude in such increasingly wild, hysterical, ascending tones, as thrilled through poor Lady Charlotte's very marrow.

"You let me sleep on! How could you let me sleep on? You have destroyed me! How could you? how could you? Oh, God!" and she vehemently disengaged herself from Lady Charlotte's clinging embrace.

Then Gertrude had to bear what many persons in days of affliction have to bear,—namely, that in the midst of their greatest anguish, some lesser anguish from one they love or are bound to consider, breaks in, and claims their attention from their own misery.

For Lady Charlotte, thunderstruck at the tone of bitter reproach, and the gesture that accompanied it, from her ever-loving daughter, burst into tears on her own account; and kept sobbing out,—

"Oh! dear! oh! good gracious, Gertrude! that I should ever live to hear you speak to me in such a voice as that! your own mother! Oh dear me! If your poor father could have lived to hear such a thing? It isn't my fault that you've married such a violent man; all such violent men they are! Kenneth isn't a bit worse in reality than Douglas; and Neil—yes, even dear Neil *has* his

tempers! And I did mean to wake you as you bid me; but he alarmed me so, and went away at last like—like—like a flash of lightning from the sky! And after all he may come back again, just as oddly; and you shouldn't speak to me in that way! Oh! dear! Oh dear me! Oh!"

"No; I ought not. You must forgive me, little mother; don't cry any more—don't; it bewilders me! You do not know what has happened."

"Well, what *has* happened?" said Lady Charlotte, drying her tears, but still questioning in rather a peevish, querulous manner. "You ought to have told me before. I ought to have known. I told you this afternoon that you had better tell me."

And she gave two or three final little sobs, and then withdrew the lace handkerchief and listened.

"Douglas has been led to believe that I am false at heart—and for Kenneth!" said Gertrude in a low sad voice, not unmixed with scorn.

"And how dare he believe any such thing? Now that is the man you thought so clever, Gertie; and so superior; and you *would* marry him; and I told you not to spoil him, and you *did* spoil him. Nothing spoils a man like making him think that he is always in the right; for then he thinks himself of course in the right when he is entirely in the wrong; and if I were you, instead of grieving——"

"Oh, mother, have pity on me! Have patience with me. If Douglas and I are really parted, I shall die of grief. I can't live if he thinks ill of me! I can't live if I do not see him. Where is he gone? Did he say where?"

"No, Gertie! He said in his wild way (just like Kenneth), that he was 'gone for ever!' But he can't go for ever; it's all nonsense; and a man *can't* leave home for ever all of a sudden in that sort of way; I dare say he only wanted to frighten me. I *was* very much frightened. Now, my darling Gertie," she added impatiently, "don't stand looking as if you were nothing

but a stone image; pray don't! Shall I ask the housekeeper if *she* knows where he is gone? Only you know of course she'll guess there's a quarrel."

"Oh! what does that signify? what does anything signify but seeing him? Let me only see him—and then—come what come may!"

So saying, Gertrude flung herself on a seat, and covered her face with her hand; and her mother rang the bell in the second drawing-room, and summoned the housekeeper to the library.

The lamps were extinguished there, and the papers and packages cleared away. Nothing was visible when the housekeeper entered, and set her solitary candle on the high black marble mantelpiece, but a little ghastly litter, like a gleaned field by moonlight.

Lady Charlotte felt exceedingly embarrassed; it was so difficult to tell the servant that her daughter did not know where her husband was. At last she framed her question; with considerable circumlocution, and not without allusion to Sir Douglas's "hasty temper."

The housekeeper's own temper did not seem to be in a very favourable state, for she answered rather tartly that she "didn't know nothing," except that Sir Douglas had told her her services were not required after her month was up, "which was sudden enough, considering;" but as she understood the house was to be sold, there was no help for that. And as to where he was gone, she didn't know that, either, for *certain*, but he had been at the Horse Guards, "unceasing," the last two days, his man said; and she understood from the same authority, that he was "proceedin' to the seat of war," which Lady Charlotte knew as well as she did was "somewheres in the Crimera." He was gone by express train that evening, and she hoped my lady would not be offended, but she had orders to show the house for selling or letting as soon as it could be got ready, and it must be left *empty*.

All in a very curt, abrupt, displeased manner, as became a housekeeper who comprehended that her "services were

no longer required," because her master had quarrelled with his wife.

Lady Charlotte returned to Gertrude. She stammered out the evil news, looking fearfully in her daughter's face, as if expecting further reproaches.

But Gertrude only gave a low moan, and then, kissing her cheek, bade her go to rest.

"And you, child? and you, my Gertie?"

"I will come when I have written to Lorimer Boyd at Vienna."

CHAPTER LV.

LORIMER BOYD.

WHEN Lorimer Boyd got that letter, he behaved exactly like Sir Patrick Spens in the old Scotch ballad, when the King sends him the commission that drowns him and his companions (ships being as ill-built apparently in those days as in our own).

"The first line that Sir Patrick read

A loud laugh laughèd he.

The second line that Sir Patrick read

The tear blinded his 'ee."

Yes, Lorimer Boyd laughed hysterically, like a foolish school-girl. Here was this woman, this angel (for though he never breathed it to mortal man, that was Lorimer's private estimation of Gertrude Skifton), not only not valued to the extent of her deserts, but actually thrown off, discarded, suspected, condemned, by the man who had had the supreme good fortune to win her affections and marry her. Do hearts go blind, like eyes? and can they be couched, as of a cataract,—of that hard horny veil which grows and grows between them and the clear light of Heaven, obscuring all judgment, and makes them walk to the pit and the precipice as though they were following the open road of natural life?

That Douglas should behave thus! DOUGLAS!

But what was the use of pondering and pausing over that? Did not the letter tell him that it was so; and did

not that letter—from her for whom Lorimer could have died—beseech his intervention, in order to communicate the real facts—to him for whom Gertrude would have died; and so set all well again between that blind heart, and the heart that was beating and bleeding for grief, in that fair woman's bosom?

In one thing more Lorimer copied the conduct of gallant Sir Patrick Spens. He instantly set about the task proposed to him, whether his own suffering might be involved in it or not.

While Gertrude was yet anxiously hoping a reply to her letter—promising that Lorimer would write those explanations to Sir Douglas which she had failed to make—Lorimer himself stood before her!

In her surprise, in her thankful gladness, to see him—bitter as it was to be better believed by her old tried friend than by her husband—she extended both hands eagerly towards him, and with a little sharp cry burst into tears.

The pulse in Lorimer's brain and heart throbbed loud and hard. Her tears thrilled through him. Sudden memories of her grievous weeping by the dead father she had so loved, when he had been so kind to, came over him. Tears shed in girlhood, when she was *free*—free to marry whom she pleased, Lorimer himself, or any other man.

He stood mute, gazing at her; and then gave a hurried, hesitating greeting, a little more formal than usual. His longing was so great to take her madly in his arms, that he dared not touch her hand.

"Your letter—surprised me," he said in a thick suffocated voice, as he sat down.

"Yes," she said faintly, in reply.

"I am here to do your bidding. I have leave from my post, in spite of this busy, warlike, threatening time. I shall be in London quite long enough to get Douglas's reply."

"Yes."

"I would go to him, if you wished it."

She shook her head.

"It would be pleasanter—less painful, I mean—to *him*, to read a letter than to

be spoken to—on such a subject—even by—so good and true a friend as you have always been to both of us."

She spoke with increasing agitation at every word; pausing; looking down.

Then suddenly those unequalled eyes looked up and met his own.

"Oh! Lorimer Boyd, I feel so ashamed! And yet, you know—you *know*, I ought not. You know how I have loved my husband from first to last. From the days when he was a mere heroic vision, whom *you* taught me to admire, to the days when I knew him—and he loved me!"

True. Yes. No doubt, Lorimer himself had turned the young girl's fancy to the ideal of love and bravery he had described to her. *He* had taught her (even while listening to his faithful, ungainly self) to picture the stately Highland boy sighing in his alien home, petting and caressing first his brother and then his brother's son; the youth beloved and admired; the soldier of after-life, treading fields of glory where battles were lost and won.

Lorimer himself had taught her to love Douglas! Would he unteach her now, if that were possible? No. The double faith to both was well kept; though neither could ever know the cost. Blind-hearted friend—sweet dream of perfect womanhood—come together again, and be happy once more, if the old true comrade through life can serve you to that end.

Every day to Lady Charlotte's little decorated drawing-room—every evening, and most mornings, came the familiar step and welcome face. He soothed and occupied those feverish hours of Gertrude's. He read to her. Ah! how his voice, deep, sweet, and melodious, reading passages from favourite authors, reminded *her*, also, of the first sorrow of her life, the illness and death of her father! How thankful she had felt to him then; how thankful she felt to him now. How her heart went out to him, the day Neil went back to Eton, and she saw the tears stand in his eyes, holding the unconscious boy's hand in his own; looking at the fair open brow

and candid eyes, shadowed by the dark clustering curls, so like her Douglas! Yes, Boyd was a *real* friend, and would help her if he could.

If he could.

But the day came when, from the hard camp-life of mismanaged preparations for war in far distant Crimea, a brief stern letter arrived from Sir Douglas Ross to Lorimer Boyd, returning him his own, and stating that he had perceived, on glancing at the first few lines, that his old friend and companion had touched on a topic of which no man could be the judge but himself, and which neither man nor woman should ever moot with him again. That he besought him—by all the tender regard they had had for each other from boyhood till the present hour—not to break friendship by recurring to it in any way or at any time. That occasional letters from Boyd should be the greatest comfort he could hope for on this side the grave, but if that one forbidden subject were alluded to, Sir Douglas would not read them.

And so the dream of hope ended! And all the comfort Lorimer could give, was that, being innocent, the day would surely come when Gertrude would be cleared. That there was nothing so suicidal as hypocrisy, or so short-lived as the bubble blown by lying lips to glitter with many changing colours in the light of day. Lorimer built on some catastrophe to Frere and Alice more than on any effort of Gertrude's; but all trace of Frere was lost again; and what consolation could Gertrude receive from such dreams, when at any moment the precious life might be risked and lost—dearer than her own? Her Douglas dying—if he died—far away and unreconciled, was the haunting thought, the worm that gnawed her heart away.

Every day she pined more and more, and altered more and more in looks; in-somuch that she herself, one twilight evening, passing by her own bust executed by Macdonald of Rome, and lit at that moment by the soft misty glow which marks the impeded sunset of a

London drawing-room, paused, and sighed, and said to herself, "Was I ever like that?"

The deep-lidded, calm eyes—which no modern sculptor ever has given with such life-like grace and truth—the gentle youthful smile of the mouth—all seemed to mock her with their beauty, and, as the brief rose-tint vanished from the marble in the deepening grey of evening, to say to her, "Pine and fade, pine and fade, for love and joy are gone for ever!"

CHAPTER LVI.

A SEPARATED WIFE.

IF the thought of distant Douglas was the worm that gnawed the heart of Gertrude, the worm that gnawed Lady Charlotte was what she termed "her daughter's position."

For it had flown like wild-fire round the town, first in Edinburgh, and then in London, that young Lady Ross and her elderly husband had separated. "A most shocking story, my dear," with many shakes of the head.

"All the accidents were against her," her complaining parent declared.

Even an event which at first sight seemed a relief, the departure of Kenneth and Eusebia, had an evil result. For neither did that erratic couple depart together. Eusebia, after the most violent and frantic denunciations of Gertrude, whom she had accused of first seducing Kenneth from her, and then getting his uncle to forbid him the house,—declared that she neither could nor would live at Torrieburn. She would return to Spain; she would be free.

Packing therefore into their multifarious cases all the glittering jewels (paid and unpaid) which she had accumulated since her marriage; all the flashing fans, and fringed skirts, and black and white blonde, and Parisian patterns, which formed her study from morning to night; she set forth, as the housekeeper expressed it, "without saying with your leave or by your leave."

She never even inquired what was to become of Effie, or offered to say farewell to Kenneth.

But the latter, enraged more than grieved at her conduct, and doubly enraged at finding that by a singular coincidence Monzies of Craigievar had also chosen this especial time for a foreign tour, resolved to quit a scene so bitter to him as Torrieburn had become, and also to betake himself to Granada, whether for vengeance or reunion he himself could not have told.

Pale Effie, with her large loving eyes, entreated to go with him, but in vain. He would return for her. She must be patient. She must go and stay a little while with his mother. She must be a good girl: he couldn't be troubled with her just then.

With all these arrangements or disarrangements, Gertrude had certainly nothing to do; but the world told a very different story. She was a wily, profligate woman; her husband had renounced her; she had broken Eusebia's heart, and divided Kenneth and his once attached uncle for ever. Most of the ladies had "foreseen what it must come to." They could not think of leaving their cards at the house. They wondered Lady Charlotte should venture to force her daughter on society. They really pitied her for being Lady Ross's mother; they believed she had been a decently conducted wife herself, though an utter idiot, and of course quite an unfit guide for a person of young Lady Ross's propensities.

Some of them *did* hear that Sir Douglas was taking proceedings for a divorce, but the difficulty was that he did not wish to ruin the young man Kenneth Ross, who, indeed, had been "more sinned against than sinning," and that there was very great reluctance on the part of certain witnesses to come forward.

Sir Douglas's sister, for instance, was a very strict, pious, and modest young person, and she had openly declared she would sooner die than be questioned and cross-questioned in a court of justice.

It was a lamentable business altogether, and quite disgraceful.

Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, thought her poor Gertrude abominably ill-used in not being worshipped as a saint, and shrined as a martyr; besides being asked out every evening by the *crème de la crème* of society. She was for ever wailing and lamenting about some call not made, some card not sent in, some rudeness offered, or supposed to be offered. She thought the Queen ought personally to interfere for the protection of her daughter. She worried poor Gertrude to death by little whimpers and petitions to "go this once, just to show you are asked," when some more than usually important occasion arose. To all pleadings that it was distasteful, unnecessary, and that even were all other circumstances happy, the absence of the soldier-husband, in a life of privation and danger, was surely excuse enough for not mingling with general society,—Lady Charlotte had her counter-arguments. It would not have signified "if nothing had happened—if nothing had been said;" "it was not for gaiety," it was to uphold her; and she *ought* to consider that it wasn't only herself, it was Lady Charlotte,—it was the family that had to bear the disgrace.

When Mrs. Cregan endeavoured to console her by saying, "I don't believe any one of these women believe a single word of the stories against Lady Ross, or think the least ill of her in their secret hearts, but I *do* believe there are plenty of them who are delighted to *pretend* that they think ill of her," poor Lady Charlotte confusedly declared that *that* was exactly what pained her. "I wouldn't mind if Gertrude was *really* bad; I mean I should think it quite fair, though of course I suppose I should be vexed, being my own child. But when I *know* her to be so good, and they are all so violent and unreasonable—the Rosses of Glenrossie—I do really think the Queen ought to do something, and you see she does nothing, and there is no justice anywhere. I declare I think the people that abuse Gertrude

ought to be punished. I know the tradesmen can't say things, and why should ladies? I mean that they can prosecute each other (tradesmen), because I had once a butcher who prosecuted the miller who served Mr. Skifton's father with flour: he prosecuted for being called 'a false-weighted rascal;' and I should like to know if that is as bad as the things they say of Gertrude? And there is my cousin, Lady Clochnaben; but I've written to Lorimer about that. It is too bad—really too bad—and enough to break one's heart."

Mrs. Cregan sighed compassionately. "Well," she said, "I love my own girl as dearly, I think, as mother can love a child. But I declare that if I knew her to be virtuous, I should care no more for the insolence and slanders of these jealous, worldly, scandal-loving women than I should care for the hail that pattered down on the skylight of the house she was living in."

"Ah! Mrs. Cregan, but you haven't been tried, and you don't know what it is! So proud as I was of my Gertie! But I've written to Lorimer about the Clochnabens; that's one comfort."

It seemed a very slender comfort, for Lady Charlotte continued to apply her handkerchief to her eyes, and murmur to herself; but she had a strong and not misplaced confidence that Lorimer would rebuke his mother for "speaking ill of Gertrude, and refusing to call, and all that."

"I shouldn't wonder if he *made* her call—spiteful and bitter as she is, all because dear Gertie once said to her, 'This is worse than rude, it is cruel,' when she snubbed Mrs. Ross-Heaton! I hope he'll make her call."

Poor Lady Charlotte! why it should be a satisfaction to compel a visit from one "spiteful and bitter," and unwilling, let the great world of mysteries declare!

But Lorimer had written, sternly and somewhat too contemptuously on the subject, to his mother.

His mother did not answer him. The answer, such as it was, came from "the earl," and was worthy of the hand that penned it.

CHAPTER LVII.

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

"MY DEAR LORIMER,—My mother put your letter into my hands. I don't often write, but as she has requested me to do so on this—I must say disgraceful—business, I do so, and add my own opinion.

"You will bear in mind the *point de départ* whence she views this affair; (very different from your own *manière de voir*). She considers Lady Ross an artful woman, who, after encouraging and having a *liaison* with a great blackguard (Kenneth Ross), and God knows how many more besides, inveigles you yourself into a similar situation. You were in and out of Lady Charlotte's house like a tame dog when last you were in England; and though, from the bad company Lady Ross has kept generally both at Naples and in Scotland, a *liaison* and intimacy with you would rather raise her character than injure it, in the estimation of the world; and though I presume you will insist that the lady has not infringed the seventh commandment, yet my mother feels she has a legitimate right to be astonished at your proposing a visit from *her* under the circumstances.

"She has never doubted but that your remaining unmarried is consequent on some former disappointment with regard to this woman; whose not very prudent sayings, both to and of my mother, are probably unknown to you. My mother has nothing to go upon, to believe in the absence of her criminality; and she considers your own real happiness (which could only be consulted by marriage) marred by this entanglement. She now puts it to you: Do you, in proposing this concession of a visit to Lady Ross,—intend to marry? You cannot expect her to call while *your own* intimacy in that quarter subsists. You do not, for your own character's sake, contemplate, if you marry, continuing to see Lady Ross? Still less I presume of exacting from your future wife that *she* should visit her? No girl

worthy your seeking would accept you on such terms. The world would not understand it. I would not.

"My mother's calling, of course, would be an *éclatant* testimony in Lady Ross's favour, and she has no objection to fulfil your object. But we both feel that had there been no intimacy between you and Lady R., you never could have wished any female members of your family to continue her acquaintance. You would make no excuses for her: you would simply think what THE WORLD thinks; and the opinion of the world is what you have chiefly to bear in mind. Society will of course place her higher the day after LADY CLOCHNABEN has called, than she has stood since her separation from her husband; but my mother will be more easily placated and managed, if she thinks, for the attainment of the object you have in view, you don't go beyond what is absolutely required. None of us would approve of that. The world would not. If she calls *once*, she considers that will be sufficient.

"I won't give way to the apprehension that my letter can annoy you, or that there is anything in it distasteful to you to read. I hope you consider me a privileged person.

"Where my mother gets all the gossip from about Lady R., I can't guess. Mother H. I should think: only I doubt her being so well informed.

"Do not think me *pédant*, or dry; I enter, on the contrary, into your present feelings, but I think a year hence you will change your views as to the propriety of the step which my mother is ready to take, *on the express understanding already set forth in my letter*; and I think you have (or rather Lady Ross has) no right not to be satisfied with the conditions. You have nothing to answer for, if her character is tainted. The evil was done before *your* time.

"I once more assure you I have no intention to hurt your feelings by these observations. I speak my mind as a looker-on, and as a man who has been, many years since, himself on the verge of making irrecoverable sacrifices, and who now only feels thankful that he was *suffered to escape*.

"Your affectionate Brother, "
"CLOCHNABEN."

That Lorimer read this letter through without grinding it under his heel like Kenneth, speaks much for his natural or acquired patience.

To be continued.

LONG HOLIDAYS.

BY J. GOODALL.

In this second half of the nineteenth century the English paterfamilias in the middle ranks of society is forcibly reminded, several times in each year, that school holidays have been largely increased since the days when he was numbered among the tribe depicted as—

... "The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

Shakespeare's character of the school-boy, though doubtless a faithful word-

picture for his time, and for long succeeding generations of English youth, has ceased to be true of the alert youngsters to be seen everywhere, now-a-days, going blithesomely to school, jocund, brisk and gay as larks. Why should they now be sad? They are all mere half-timers for work, in comparison with their predecessors on the same well-worn benches. The hours are now so brief when they

"Their murmur'ing labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,"

as merely to form a sort of interlude between their manifold and all-engrossing sports.

Schoolmasters have been silent pioneers in the great short-time movement, of which, in recent years, the surgings and reverberations have made so great a stir in all departments of the world of industry. And they have enjoyed two large advantages over their followers in the curtailment of working time. They have had no formidable array of employers or capitalists to stem the tide of their exactions: the boys (to a man) are all on their side. With such odds in their favour they have felt strong enough to slight the occasional protests of dissentient fathers, and to close their ears to the repinings of disconsolate mothers, who pathetically, but vainly, deplore "the dreadfully long holidays." Female suffrage, with dual voting for ladies, would speedily bring about more work and less idle time for school-boys.

Schools for all sorts and conditions of boys, except those for whom parliamentary subsidies are voted, seem to be rapidly drifting into a system of holidays after the model of Eton. But Eton holidays are condemned as excessive even by Eton masters; and the Royal Commissioners prove their full concurrence in the objection, by their 63d Recommendation, "That no extension of the holidays should be ever allowed, except in obedience to Royal Command."

The Commissioners were too loyal to propose a limitation that would trench on the Queen's prerogative. But for this restraint they must have suggested that royal marriages have ceased, in recent years, to be events of so much rarity, or high national importance, as to warrant the giving, in celebration of them, an extra week's holiday to Eton boys. Had the late Joseph Hume (of strictly economic memory) been a member of the Commission, he would not have overlooked the pecuniary aspects of the question. An extra week's holiday for 850 Eton boys, whose expenses in a school year of thirty-six weeks

amount to an average of not less than 180*l.* each, or 5*l.* per boy per week, involves mulcting the parents in an aggregate sum of over 5,000*l.* (including school and home expenses), besides the loss of education.

The cost of education, like that of a host of other necessities and luxuries, has in these latter days been very sensibly augmented. This fact is exhibited in a strong light when we contrast the time consumed in a school and college course in the Victorian era with the shorter period which formerly sufficed for the same purpose. It takes longer time by at least two years to pass through the English Public Schools and Universities than in the latter years of George the Third's reign. (Report of Public Schools Commission, 1864, vol. ii. p. 540, Winchester, Dr. Moberly's evidence.) Lord Westbury, who was born in 1800, passed to Oxford in his early teens, and took his B.A. degree with all but the highest honours when under the age of eighteen.

If we go still further into the past, we find that education in the Public Schools usually ended with a boy's fifteenth or sixteenth year—frequently earlier still. Thus, Milton passed from St. Paul's School to Cambridge (1624) at the commencement of his sixteenth year. Andrew Marvell entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in his fourteenth year (1633); and notwithstanding a considerable break in his stay there, he took his B.A. degree at the age of eighteen. Addison passed from the Charterhouse to Oxford (1687) at the age of fifteen; at seventeen he became a demy of Magdalen; before twenty-one he had taken his M.A. degree. But, in the reign of Queen Victoria, the great public schools keep their pupils till the end of their eighteenth or nineteenth year. The attainments of the great mass of those who, at that age, pass to Oxford and Cambridge, are found to be so low that their first two years at the Universities have to be given up to mere school-work—work proper for the upper forms of a large school.

"The point which is now reached by

"boys at the age of twenty, ought to be reached at seventeen. . . ."

"Many boys come to the University from school knowing next to nothing." . . . "A valuable year or two is wasted at school." (Replies by Rev. W. Hedley, late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, and Public Examiner, in Report of Public Schools Commission, 1864, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17.)

"The University course of teaching is much hampered by the crude state of the men subjected to it, and by the necessity of supplementing the shortcomings of school education." . . . "The length and cost of education have been steadily growing for a long time." (Rev. G. W. Kitchin, M.A. Junior Censor of Christ Church, Oxford, *ibid.* pp. 11—13.)

"The education generally given at schools does *not* give a satisfactory grounding in those subjects which form the especial studies of this University, and the large majority of young men who enter College show a very superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek, while of English Literature, English History, and English Composition they are deplorably ignorant. For eighteen years I have found employment in Cambridge in supplementing as a private tutor the deficiencies of school education, and in teaching the simplest rudiments of Arithmetic, Algebra, and elementary Mathematics, and in preparing in Latin and Greek candidates for the previous examination. The greater part of my pupils are from public schools, and I cannot but think that I teach them nothing but what they ought to have been thoroughly taught at school." (Rev. W. H. Girdlestone, M.A. Christ's College, Cambridge, *ibid.* p. 30.)

"It follows that, with the great mass of men, school education—and that education which barely enables them at last to construe a Latin and Greek book, poet and orator, chosen by themselves; to master three books of Euclid, and solve a problem in quadratic equations—is prolonged to

"the age of twenty or twenty-one." (Report, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.)

The shorter holidays, and longer days of work, in earlier times, bore fruit in an earlier completion of the school and college course. In Dean Colet's ordinances for the government of St. Paul's School, the holidays were limited to one month in the year; and the hours for daily attendance were fixed at from seven to eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon. The Merchant Taylors' statutes adopt the same hours for daily work, and allow twenty working days in the year for holiday. The Shrewsbury School statutes, imitated from Dean Colet's model, give somewhat more vacation, with an average of ten hours per diem for work. The other public schools similarly restricted holiday to four or five weeks in the year, and exacted eight or nine hours of daily work in school. At the present time, school-work fills an average of about five hours daily, and the periodical vacations and numerous special holidays reach an aggregate from three to four times greater than in the pristine period of English public school education. The day, the week, the year of school work, have all been shortened: the cost of schooling has undergone a contrary process. As mediæval Jews clipped and sweated the coinage of the realm, making each golden angel yield a tribute, so now are the golden hours of school-life clipped and curtailed to increase the leisure of instructors of middle-class youth.

No one wishes to restore the severe régime of Dean Colet and his brother founders of the great public schools. No one desires to see boys compelled to carry candles to school, to light them at their early morning tasks, as in days still well remembered by many a surviving Pauline. But there is a wide-spread and growing conviction that schoolmasters have gone too far in their curtailment of time for work. Schooling fills up more years in a boy's life, and indeed trenches well into early manhood, while it is a moot point whether scholarship has advanced.

Vacation consumes sixteen or more weeks out of the fifty-two, and the remaining thirty-six weeks, spent at school, are laid under heavy contribution for holidays and half-holidays on multifarious occasions.

If the questionable privilege of unlimited holiday were a fashion peculiar to schools for the highest ranks of society, the evil result would be of comparatively little moment. Boys of the aristocratic class have ample resources for the profitable disposal of long vacations. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage covers barely as much ground as the travels accomplished in two or three summer excursions of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby boys of the present day. The "grand tour," which formed the climax of an English gentleman's education in the last century, was certainly less extensive than the foreign travel of which the scions of opulent families now have experience before commencing their University career. It is quite a common-place occurrence for fourth and fifth-form boys to traverse France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy in their summer vacations. Youths under eighteen are often met with who have visited all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Some few of that age have sailed on the Nile, scaled the Pyramids, and from their giddy height looked down with Napoleon's witnesses, the forty silent centuries; have glanced at the Red Sea and Bosphorus, and fished the Scandinavian lakes and rivers. Even Niagara Falls, the prairies, and the cities of mushroom growth, a thousand miles inland from the American seaboard, are now easily comprised in a vacation-tour of six weeks' duration. The giant Steam, in alliance with the magician Gold; hotels afloat, yet fraught with all the luxuries of palatial homes; ubiquitous express trains,—such are the ways and means wherewith youths in their teens now visit the scenes of history, chivalry, fable, and poetry, or of the marvellous achievements of enterprise and energy in a nation not yet a century old.

For boys blessed with the gift of

fortune, whose position in life is secured in advance for them, and calls for no exertion on their part, no better substitutes for interrupted book-work could be found than foreign travel in summer, and, in the winter, social intercourse with the highest society within reach of their ancestral halls. But long holidays, which are appropriate to the case of the favoured few, are ill-fitted to the circumstances of the masses. These latter have no facilities for field-sports in the murky weather comprised in the long Christmas and Easter holidays. Foreign travel in summer is a luxury beyond their most ardent hopes. Many of them—

"Long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
air,"—

pass through their school-boy days without once visiting the coast or the country. The City of London School, and others attended by children of the trading and the less wealthy professional classes, afford abundant samples of boys after this type. For such boys a long term of enforced idleness each year is a serious injury, and leads to a pernicious distaste for intellectual effort. Light reading of the most trashy character is the mental pabulum to which such boys betake themselves.

The pupils of a day-school have not the same need for long holidays as boys living away from home. If the Eton, Harrow, Shrewsbury, or Winchester boy has long holidays, he is, at any rate, absent from his family and home throughout the school-terms. Not so the boy at the City of London or the Dulwich Schools, who returns once or twice each day to his home, and has only five whole days of schooling in each week. Yet Dulwich boys (to quote an example) cannot make more than one hundred and seventy-five complete days of schooling, even if they miss no single half-day when the school is opened. Their holidays, half-holidays, and Sundays amount to a hundred and ninety days in the year. More work and less play is clearly needed here; but the practice

of the great public schools is copied without regard to the widely differing circumstances and prospects of the pupils. Boys whose destination is the desk, the warehouse, the shop, or one of the infinite variety of industrial pursuits, cannot afford to spend a large section of the year in mere pastime or listless idleness. The masters of these metropolitan and suburban day-schools have not the same need of long vacations that can be pleaded for their fellow-workers in boarding-schools. An Eton, or Rugby, or Harrow master is more or less engaged with his pupils from early morning till late at night, and even his Sundays are not days of rest. Yet the Head-Master of Eton holds that such duties, filling ten or twelve hours every day, involve no severe mental labour. The masters in large day-schools have only half as many hours of work each day, and no Sunday work. Yet four months out of the twelve are claimed by the masters of middle-class day-schools as indispensable to the recruiting of their exhausted energies. If this claim be just, it follows that Eton and Rugby masters, who work twice as long, should get eight instead of four months' vacation. It is only in England that such a claim is set up. Schools of similar character in Scotland, Prussia, and other countries where education is best attended to, give less holiday by six or eight weeks in the year. One conspicuous result of the shorter holidays in Scotland is the frequent success of Scotch boys in competition against the ablest youths from the English public schools. In schools aided by Government grants, the number of complete days' work in the year is frequently two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty, and that, too, without including the Sundays, which also are working days in most instances for both teachers and scholars. Few teachers in middle-class day-schools have so heavy a day's work as the certificated master of a school under Government inspection, who, in addition to his six hours of real hard work at methodical oral teaching, has one and a half or two

more hours occupied in the private instruction of his pupil-teachers, and the keeping of an elaborate set of school-registers. Other odd duties often fall to him, and his Sunday work is no sinecure.

Enough has been stated to show that the interests of middle-class boys attending the town and suburban day-schools, demand a substantial increase in the days for work. The practice of the earlier part of this century, still observed by many excellent schools, should be re-established—namely, a total of two months, or, at the utmost, ten weeks. Shorter vacations might carry with them the compensation of diminished daily tasks for evening hours at home. Many a parent would be glad to see his children relieved of part at least of the drudgery imposed upon them in the shape of excessive evening work. More work should be performed at school; less at the domestic hearth.

An exhaustive scrutiny of a well-kept set of school registers would exhibit, for every boy in the long-holiday-giving schools, a total attendance in the year so small, that it would startle even the school authorities themselves. Besides their regular stated holidays—usually about seven weeks in summer (July to September), five at Christmas, twelve days or a fortnight at Easter, several days in Lent, as many or more days at Whitsuntide, sometimes a week or more after Speech-day—special holidays are sometimes given in celebration of births, marriages, and christenings in the families of masters. Successes attained in examinations by present and former pupils, whether at the Universities or at the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, are also held to be fit occasions for special holidays. So also is the presence of distinguished guests on Speech-day. A few years ago the summer holidays of a large London school, already ample enough, were increased by two weeks, because a prince and princess, and half a dozen bishops, graced by their presence the achievements of Speech-day. Such practices are only maintainable on the ground

that school education is a bad thing, and therefore on any pretext the boys should be benefited by having less of it. The logical sequence is that the greatest benefit would be conferred on the boys by closing the schools altogether, and making each year of boyhood an entire long holiday. A day-school yields only five short days per week for work. Deduct its holidays of 7 weeks in summer, 5 at Christmas, 3 for Lent, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and 2 more for its sundry special holidays, or 17 in all, and there remain only 35 weeks of 5 days each, or a total of 175 days for work, against 190 days for holidays and Sundays. In other words, each period of 100 days is composed of 48 only for work, and 52 for rest and play; or, the year is divided into 25 complete weeks for work, and 27 for rest and play. It may be urged that even in holidays some school work is given to the boys to prepare. But book-work, which infringes on play-time, finds few willing votaries among schoolboys. The advantages of sports have been so greatly extolled in this age of "muscular Christianity," that boys have come to look upon study as of secondary importance, and to give their whole hearts to games. In the case of many boys, cricket consumes in summer-time as many hours per week as lessons. Athletic sports have their uses, but they may be easily abused. In such pastimes, duly regulated, boys mutually give and take a valuable part of education. Mind, however, is the superior of muscle: Apollo held higher rank than Hercules. The subjects of instruction are more numerous than formerly. In a competition for Indian or Civil Service appointments, failure in French and fractions cannot be condoned by skill in flat-race or adroitness at foils; high-leap is not yet an admissible alternative for Higher Mathematics; jumping in sacks is no set-off against halting in Science; good hurdle-racing does not excuse bad answers in History; the first place in long leap is not a make-weight for limping Latin; the consolation race has no counterpart in

Woolwich or Sandhurst examinations. If anything beyond a mere smattering of many subjects, without thoroughness in one, is to be attained, the days for work should outnumber those for rest and play by a substantial majority.

Excessive holidays are given in most of the richly-endowed schools. Dulwich College gives six weeks more than the City of London School, and five more weeks than the London University College School—the two latter leaning more on fees, and less on endowment, than Alleyne's foundation. Parents often complain that even Christ's Hospital has greatly enlarged its vacation in recent years. But here again is a better case for abundant holiday than, for example, the Dulwich College Lower School, where less than half the 365 days of the year are given to work. The Charity Commissioners might render good service to education by requiring from all endowed schools, in addition to their usual yearly financial statement, a return from the school registers of the number of attendances made by each boy in the twelve months.

Schools which give 4 months' holiday in the year, yield only 8 months in the year for work. Schools which give a total of 2 months' holiday in the year yield 10 months of work. It requires 10 years of 8 months each, to afford as much schooling as 8 years of 10 months each. So that a boy entering school at the age of 7, must now remain till 17 in order to get as much schooling as fell to the lot of his predecessors on the same benches between the ages of 7 and 15. In other words, two years more of idle time are now-a-days thrust upon boys of the middle and lower middle classes, in deference to the practice of Eton. Schoolmasters have not, in England, the skins of Ethiops, nor the leopard's spots which resist all mild detergent processes. They are open to conviction. If they are wilfully deaf to reasonable remonstrance, let parents address themselves to the governing bodies of those schools in which holiday exceeds the requirements or the necessities of the pupils in attendance.

THE ABBOT'S WAY.

NEXT to its verdant freshness, which, we are told, we owe to that moist climate of which we are not seldom tempted to complain, the greatest charm of our English landscape is its extraordinary variety. Within a narrow compass, and on a small scale, our island contains almost every kind of scenery of which the temperate zone is capable,—mountain and valley, hill and dale, fen and forest, park and garden, cliff and sand, form an inexhaustible succession of beauty, varied by just that amount of plainness and sterility which seems best calculated to enhance its effect.

This charm of variety, which properly belongs to the whole country, is now and then repeated, in an inferior degree, in the general aspect of a single county; indeed, I do not believe that any county, either in England or Scotland, is entirely without it, though some possess it to a far greater degree than others; and in none is this more conspicuously the case than in the county of Somerset.

First there is the great background, or landward portion of the county; which consists of a large undulating tract of country, well-wooded, fertile, and highly cultivated, abounding, as such tracts of country are wont to do, in parks and gardens, and pleasant country-houses. Then, stretching towards the Bristol Channel, the N.W. boundary of the county, we find two ranges of hills, the Mendips and the Quantocks; the former barren of trees, rugged, and precipitous, cleft by the deep defile of Cheddar Cliffs, and dipping into the sea at Brean Down to reappear in the islands of the Steep and Flat Holmes half way across towards Wales; the latter of soft and rounded outline, wearing on their sides a rich mantle of purple heath and golden gorse, whilst their innermost recesses are green with woods, and musical with the never-ceasing ripple of countless springs and rivulets.

Between these two ranges of hills lies a broad tract of perfectly flat country, stretching inland many a mile from the Bristol Channel to the foot of Glastonbury Tor. There is another smaller range, the Polden Hills, which juts out, like a peninsula, into the centre of this plain, whose flat expanse, viewed from the Roman road which is carried along the crest of these Polden Hills, looks like the uncovered basin of some huge lake, or inland sea, with here and there an island or two, of greater or less size, rising abruptly out of it. And there is little doubt that there was a time, long, long ago, when the thick turbid waters of the "Severn Sea,"—Tennyson's "yellow sea,"—as tawny as a lion's mane, covered nearly the whole tract that lies between the Quantocks and the Mendips; and, if we may trust the old legend, it must have been over this plain that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions came sailing to Glastonbury, when they landed at the foot of the Tor—once the mysterious Isle of Avalon—and their leader planted the magic thorn, whose offshoots, to this very day, persist in bursting into leaf and trying to blossom at Christmas. Even now, the rivers which fall into the Bristol Channel between the Quantocks and the Mendips are carefully embanked for many miles; and, not two hundred years ago, when an unusually high tide made a breach in the sea-wall at Huntspill, the waves once more rolled triumphantly across the plain to Glastonbury, where, for many years, a stone was to be seen at the foot of the tower of one of the churches, which was set to mark the utmost limit to which the waters reached.

Almost all the land of which this great plain is composed has been long ago drained and enclosed, and converted from waste land into flourishing pastures, in which are situated the dairy farms where most of the so-called Cheddar

cheese is made. Much as the value of the land and the prosperity of its inhabitants have been augmented by these improvements, those of them that have been carried out in recent years were generally received, when first proposed and set on foot, with the most violent opposition. The discontented traversed the country in bands, expressing in threatening words and gestures their anger at the enclosure of the waste, and singing rude songs, of which there was one with the refrain :—

"Let Zadgemoor bide as a be."

The land must have been partially drained a long while before it was enclosed. It is intersected by a multitude of ditches, and also by several large dykes, called in the dialect of the country "rhines" or "rheens." My readers will no doubt remember that it was on the banks of one of these "rhines" that the issue of the battle of Sedgemoor was decided. About two-thirds of the plain is composed of these rich pasture-lands, the home of some of the most prosperous farmers to be found in all England; the remaining third, though not without a value of its own, is as conspicuous for its barrenness as the rest is for its fertility, and yet it is concerning this barren tract that I wish to awaken your attention, and excite your interest.

If you have ever travelled by the Somerset Central Railway from High-bridge to Glastonbury, you must have passed through it, wondering, perhaps, to be carried for miles through such a desolate waste, resembling a miniature Irish bog, set in the midst of English cultivation and prosperity.

This curious tract is generally known by the name of "The Turf Moor," just as the fertile plain above described is called "The Marsh." If you would see it to advantage you must not approach it from the railway, but come down into it from the Polden Hills, along whose base it lies, stretching towards the Mendips in rich bands of colour, chocolate and brown and dark green in the foreground, and deep purple and iris

blue beyond. The view is bounded by the Mendip Hills, whose naked sides are beautiful in the distance with every variety of tint and hue that light and shade, falling on scanty herbage and broken masses of grey rock, can produce.

From the old Roman road already spoken of a multitude of lanes, all more or less steep and narrow, lead down into the moor. Choosing one of these, you make your way between mossy, violet-scented banks, overshadowed by elm-trees, or surmounted by high, irregular, hawthorn hedges, past orchards, and pastures, and gardens, until suddenly and abruptly all these things cease: you reach the bottom of the hill, and you find yourself on the very edge of a brown, level waste of heather and fern and fir-trees, and dark, conical stacks of turf, where there are no elms and no hedge-rows, and where never a violet grows; where the sides of the ditches which border the road are of the deepest chocolate colour; where the houses are mere cabins, because the ground is so soft and unsteady that it will not bear the weight of a second story; and where, in seasonable weather, you may meet almost all the inhabitants of the district out of doors; all, from the eldest to the youngest, somehow or other engaged in the business of getting turf, their brown faces wearing, for the most part, a singular air of contentment and satisfaction with their peculiar mode of life.

The Turf Moor has, however, undergone many changes within the last fifteen or twenty years. Roads have multiplied, churches and chapels have been built, and schools established; and by intercourse with their neighbours the moor-folk have gradually become much less rough and uncivilized, and, in general, much more like other people, than they once were. In places, too, where all the turf has been dug out, the land has been brought into cultivation, and patches of poor-looking pasture and scanty crops are to be seen, encroaching upon the barren moor to such an extent that it is impossible not to suspect that the time may be slowly but surely approaching when the whole tract will lose its wild

character, and become tame and agricultural.

That day, however, must be yet far off. Although the great-grandfathers of the present generation would, no doubt, hardly believe their eyes if they could see the advances that civilization has already made even in the turbaries; still, compared with the social standard of the day, they are yet wild enough to contrast strongly with the prosperous agricultural villages that cluster round Polden Hill. They have still a flora of their own, including, I have heard, many rare plants that grow nowhere else in England; rare birds still make the moors their occasional haunt in the winter; and their inhabitants are still almost a distinct race, with customs and traditions of their own, obstinately attached to their native place, and loving, with all their hearts, the out-of-door freedom and independence that they enjoy.

But it is not to talk of botany or ornithology, or even to introduce you to the brown, picturesque inhabitants, that I have led you into the Turf Moor, and wearied you, it may be, with this long attempt to give you an exact idea of its locality, lying in the midst of the agricultural districts of Somersetshire, like a gipsy child found asleep in the house of a prosperous farmer.

I have done so in the hope that my description may enable you to realize the situation, and to go back in imagination into the distant past, to the times when the wild, half-inundated moors and marshes of Somerset must have been an inviolable retreat, an impregnable refuge for many a generation of hunted fugitives; to the unknown time, in short, when human hands made, and human feet used to tread, the curious buried pathway that I am about to describe to you.

It is now some years ago that I first heard a clergyman, living on the borders of the Turf Moor, mention the "Abbot's Way." This name, he said, was given to a road or pathway which was said to extend for several miles below the surface of the Moor. Since that time

I have often heard the Abbot's Way spoken of; but, although the tradition of its existence was familiar to many people, no one appeared to know anything further about it, nor to be able to tell why the Way, if indeed it really existed, should be called the Abbot's.

Had it been made, hundreds of years ago, by the orders of some Abbot of Glastonbury? Or was it the legacy of yet earlier ages which the Abbey took upon itself the task of keeping in repair? Or, again, is the name simply a result of the habit of associating every relic of the past, whose history is at all mysterious or obscure, with the great abbey that once dominated the whole district?

These questions still remain unanswered, although the buried road itself has been laid open to the light of day.

About three years ago a gentleman who is the owner of some land in the Turf Moor, and who was then engaged in writing a short paper on the geological peculiarities of the neighbourhood, determined to investigate the old tradition of a buried road, and to ascertain for himself whether such a road existed, and what it was like.

He began by making inquiries amongst the turf-cutters employed on his own ground, whether they had ever "heard tell" of the Abbot's Way, and, if so, whether they knew in what direction it lay.

They at once declared that they were perfectly well acquainted with the situation of the buried road, as they frequently struck into it with their spades in digging for turf; and, upon this information, he set some of them to work to dig for it, desiring them to lay some yards of the Abbot's Way open for him to see.

The popular traditions, as well as the turf-cutters consulted on the subject, all agreed in describing the road as a *wooden* one, but the accounts were so vague that it was impossible to form any clear idea of the kind of road that it was supposed to be. When it was actually, for twenty yards or so, uncovered to his view, this gentleman was not only sur-

prised, but far more interested than he had expected to be.

It lies about six feet below the present surface, and may be described, for want of a better comparison, as a miniature example of the log roads, composed of the trunks of trees, which are common, at the present day, in America.

The Abbot's Way is composed, not of the trunks of trees, but of birchen poles, three feet long, split, and laid close together, and fastened at intervals with pegs about twelve inches long. Whether the poles are also fastened in any way with thongs I am not able to say. In describing the road I wish to describe only what I have myself seen, and I did not observe anything of the kind.

Owing, I suppose, to the antiseptic properties of the peat in which it has for centuries lain buried, the wood is in a wonderful state of preservation, although so soft and spongy as to be easily cut with a spade. The delicate silvery bark is still visible on the pieces that are used as pegs.

On asking the turf-cutters, and other inhabitants of the Moor, what they supposed to be the general direction of the Abbot's Way, a variety of answers were received. Some affirmed that the road was to be traced right through the moor, from the Glastonbury or landward edge of it to the sea-coast; others, on the contrary, held that the so-called "Way" was, in truth, a network of several pathways, leading from one to another of those points in the Moor that are drier than the rest, and always above water during inundations. These are sandbanks, and they are always chosen for the site of the better sort of dwellings that are to be found in the Moor; and it is against these sandbanks that most of the trunks of trees, generally oak, that are often found in the peat, are imbedded.

Another suggestion sometimes made about the Abbot's Way is that it was used by the Glastonbury monks as a means of access to the little chapels and churches which it was their duty to serve; a suggestion which can only be

admitted if we renounce the idea, which involuntarily suggests itself to our minds, that this buried pathway, lying many feet below the soil trodden by the present generation, is far older than mediæval, perhaps even than Saxon times.

But it is the province of the present writer, not to offer conjectures, but, by describing accurately what appears to be a very curious relic of antiquity, to provide food for the conjectures of others.

I do not know whether, by those who understand such matters, it would be considered worth while to uncover a much longer portion of the Abbot's Way than the few yards that have been already laid open, in the hope of wringing from the silent pathway some note of the generations that once trod it. Once, in the turbaries, near Edlington Burtle, at what depth below the surface we are not told, nor whether at all in the vicinity of the Abbot's Way, a square box, or coffer, of maple wood, was found, scooped within into an oval shape, and containing, as I find from a paper in a volume of the "Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archeological Society," for the year 1854, a torque, evidently from its size and lightness intended for the neck of a woman, two armlets, with finger rings of the same pattern, several other rings, one of them supposed to be of the same pattern as the Irish *jogh-draoch*, or chain-ring of divination, and, lastly, several knives and celts.

Of all these articles there are drawings in the Archeological Journal, but the writer of the paper has not described with the accuracy that might be wished the exact situation of the coffer when found.

Some Druidical priestess, the writer suggests, traversing the moor in a boat, may have "lost" the coffer. It is impossible not to wish that we could know whether the nineteenth century turf-cutters who "found" it, found it anywhere near the buried "Way." The ancient Britons, we know, baffled, for a time, their Roman invaders by retiring

into impenetrable morasses, pathless, except to themselves. Was the British "Norma" the owner of the weird trinkets, suggesting all sorts of mysterious associations with spells, and prophecies, and wonder-working power, traversing the moor, not by water, but by the secret path, spread like a piece of wooden matting on the soft and yielding surface of the moor, upon which it floated, somewhat on the principle of George Stephenson's railway across Chat Moss?

But, alas! although British remains have been not unfrequently found in these districts, their discovery has never been, in any way, connected with the buried road. I should have no excuse for my mention of them, except that this slight sketch, by which I wish to introduce you to the locality of the "Abbot's Way," would not be complete without it.

It was, perhaps, unlikely, that by a lucky chance any interesting relic of bygone humanity should be found in the very few yards of the "Abbot's Way" that have been uncovered. There was nothing lying on its surface except the *débris* of reeds, and the roots of plants looking like turf in process of formation; and amongst these *débris*, handfuls of hazel-nuts, as brown as bog oak from their long repose in their peaty bed, but in a wonderful state of preservation. Some have found relics of the hazel-bushes on which they

grew, such as twigs and leaves, all browned to the same dark chocolate colour. When I was present only nuts were found, but this was some time after the place had been exposed to the open air. The small brown nuts had evidently been buried when they were about half ripe, and it is a curious coincidence that similar nuts, in exactly the same stage of growth, are found in the submarine forest which stretches out into the Bristol Channel, and is supposed, if I am not mistaken, to be a continuation of the Turf Moor, once, no doubt, itself a forest also. The bare trunks of the trees may be seen at low water protruding from the thick mud which covers the bed of the great estuary of the Severn, and it is, I believe, deep in the mud and *débris* surrounding these barren trunks that the hazel-nuts have been found. Similar nuts have been found on the coast of Cornwall, and also, I am told, in the North of France, and it is chiefly on the presence of these half-ripe hazel-nuts on the surface of the Abbot's Way that some have built the conjecture that the Way itself belongs to pre-historic times, times when those naked trunks bore boughs and leaves, and the Turf Moor was not.

This paper has been written in the hope of obtaining wider notice, both from the educated public generally, and more particularly from those whose special studies qualify them, in a special manner, to throw light upon the subject.

WAR AND PROGRESS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

At the time this article was commenced war between France and Germany seemed to be a mere question of weeks, if not of days. Even now, though the Conference has averted the immediate danger of war, yet the danger seems only adjourned, not dispelled. It is clear that at one moment we were on

the eve of an European contest. If the French Government had insisted on the annexation of the Duchy of Luxemburg, or if that of Prussia had rejected all idea of conceding the fortress, war would have been inevitable. It is not my purpose to express any opinion as to the merits or demerits of the French or

Prussian positions. Which of the two powers was most in the right, or, more correctly speaking, least in the wrong, is a question I leave to others to decide. All I wish to point out is the exact character of the issue which was all but plunging—which, even yet, may still plunge—Europe into the horrors of war. The subject-matter in dispute belonged to the category of infinitesimal quantities. With the exception of a few superannuated believers in the defunct science of strategy, no rational person ever supposed for a moment that the possession of the citadel of Luxemburg was of vital importance to either France or Germany. If the Emperor Napoleon desired to seize the left bank of the Rhine, or to march on Berlin, he most assuredly would not be deterred by the consideration that a few thousand Prussian troops were locked up in Luxemburg; if King William I. determined to occupy Paris, and restore Alsace to the Fatherland, he would not surrender his project in deference to the presence of a French garrison in this contested stronghold. It is even more absurd to suppose that the acquisition of the two hundred and odd thousand Luxemburgers could be essential to the dignity or safety of great empires like France or Germany. Probably, if by some strange convulsion of nature, the Grand Duchy, fortress and all, could vanish from the face of the earth, there are not a thousand square miles in Europe which would be less keenly missed than the area in question. I quite admit that very grave and weighty interests were more or less directly involved in the settlement of this controversy. But the actual issue was one of abstract honour. In the whole history of the dynastic wars which desolated Europe for centuries, I doubt if you would find one undertaken on so small and insignificant a pretext as that which all but furnished a *casus belli* between the two chief branches of the Latin and Teuton races.

And what is more noteworthy still, the danger to peace did not arise from the ambitions of despotic sovereigns, or

the jealousies of rival dynasties. No candid observer can suppose that either Napoleon III. or his Prussian Majesty was desirous of war personally. They both are men who, either from years or failing health, are no longer in the prime of life; they are neither of them men with whom war is a passion; they have both the most powerful and obvious motives for desiring the continuance of peace, in order to consolidate the enterprises their lives have been spent in prosecuting, with a more or less successful result. Nor has it ever been even surmised that there existed between the two sovereigns any of those private animosities which influence crowned equally with uncrowned heads. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the personal relations between the Courts of Potsdam and the Tuileries have been exceptionally amicable. If the question of peace or war was one which the two sovereigns or their respective Governments could decide without any reference to anything except their own wishes, there can be no reasonable doubt that peace would be preserved. The one real danger of war arose, and still arises, from the popular feeling in favour of war which exists throughout the two countries. Accepting this view of mine—a view whose truth will, I believe, be acknowledged by every one at all acquainted with French and German feeling—I am forced to this conclusion: that the two most civilized and cultivated nations of the Continent were within an ace of going to war, only the other day, on a question of as little practical importance—and that is saying a good deal—as any of those concerning which tens of thousands of human lives have been sacrificed in the semi-barbarous times.

This conclusion leads me to the reflection—which recent events must have forced ere now on the minds of most thinking men—whether progress and war are so antagonistic as we used to imagine. In the days that preceded 1848, it used to be almost an axiom of tuition that the spread of enlightenment and commerce and civilization were in

themselves fatal to the existence of war, in much the same way as the free introduction of fresh air is fatal to the prevalence of noxious odours. To have denied that civilization exercised a pacific influence over mankind would then have been esteemed as gross a heresy as to assert that education did not elevate the moral character. Nor was this dogma merely an article of abstract faith. Twenty years ago people really did believe that the era of war, if not over, was approaching its termination. In those days, when the marvels of steam and electricity were still novelties among us, we were prone perhaps to exaggerate the immediate effect of their influence. Certainly the last thought which suggested itself to ordinary people was, that these very agencies would be employed to render the destruction of human life by war more easy of accomplishment, more wholesale, and more speedy. It seems too, now, as if we used to over-calculate, or, at all events, to mis-estimate, the power of popular education. That the school-master was abroad was the stock platitude of the hour; and few of us doubted but the first mission of the schoolmaster would be to convince mankind of the absurdity, uselessness, and wickedness of war. High as our expectations were of the ensuing triumphs of industry and culture, it can hardly be said that in the main they have not been realized. Within the last quarter of a century we have certainly made more progress in general education and material prosperity than we had done since the close of Marlborough's wars. All through Europe, too, public opinion has grown in power and authority. Whatever may be the changes in individual forms of government, it cannot be doubted that in any European country the public commands far more of hearing than it did in the period which terminated with the Congress of Vienna. Yet in spite of these two unquestionable facts, that civilization has made rapid progress, and that the popular element is every day becoming more influential in the direction of public affairs, we have the still more

indubitable fact that wars, far from ceasing to exist, have been unusually frequent, and that every nation in Europe is exhausting its strength and impoverishing its resources in the attempt to raise its military power to a pitch never even contemplated in the old time—so near in distance, so far away in recollection.

I know that there is a school of thinkers who attribute this contest between the tendency of the age and the spirit of progress simply and solely to the existence of the French empire under Napoleon III. This solution—much in favour as it is with men whose opinions I respect—always reminds me of the Hindoo theory to account for the earth being supported in mid-space, that it stands upon the back of a tortoise. Imperialism may be the parent of the war fever which has sprung up together with our modern progress; but then Imperialism itself is the product and offspring of that very progress, to whose essence and spirit all war is supposed *ex hypothesi* to be antagonistic. Moreover, even if we regard Cæsarism as the incarnation of all evil, it is very difficult to see how in any sense, except the broad one that all sin is connected with every other, it can be held responsible for the majority of the wars that of late have marked the era of progress. It was not Cæsarism which gave birth to the civil war in America, or induced Germany to attack Denmark, or sowed lifelong enmity between Austria and Italy, or split up Germany into two hostile camps. And, most assuredly, if the impending war be averted, it certainly will be due to the power that Cæsarism confers on the French Government of disregarding for a time the voice of public opinion in France.

I think, therefore, that all people who are content to look at facts, and then ground their theories upon them—a converse process to that adopted by *doctrinaires* of every persuasion—cannot avoid the confession that progress, in our modern sense of the term, is not directly antagonistic to war. On the contrary, I incline to the opinion,

that popular governments, based, as all governments must be increasingly, on democratic principles, are quite as prone to war as despotic or oligarchic ones,—possibly more so. I can remember having learned as a child the song of Blenheim, and having it impressed upon my youthful mind that the burden of "But 'twas a famous victory," conveyed the truth that there would be no fighting if people only were taught to think what they were asked to fight for. Mature experience, however, has not confirmed my belief in the truth of this moral. No doubt it is very easy to discourse about the absurdity of all war; to ask what possible satisfaction Jack White can derive from the fact that Jean Leblanc, whom he has never seen or heard of, is cut to pieces by a shell; to dilate upon the monstrosity of poor Müller being crippled for life, of his cottage being burnt down, his children being turned upon the streets, in vindication of the claim of the high and mighty House of Pumpnickel to the disputed sovereignty of the State of Lilliput. These, or similar sarcasms, have been uttered concerning every war that has ever yet been fought since men ceased to look on fighting as the normal condition of the human race; and yet I cannot discover that they ever prevented the occurrence of a single conflict. I am driven to the conclusion that there is some flaw in the logical force of this reasoning. In the first place the "Cui bono?" argument is eminently unsatisfactory. If men are only to be interested in what immediately and tangibly concerns their own position or prospects or fortunes, we find that the vast majority of human actions cannot be rationally accounted for. We assume that every man, worthy of the name, must care for the prosperity of his own country. Yet, if you look at the matter philosophically, what conceivable practical difference does it make to my daily life or comfort that marshes are drained in Essex, or rich harvests grown in Kent, or new factories established in Lancashire? In

a very vague and indirect way the general prosperity of the country may be thought to improve my individual fortunes; but this improvement, if tested by a utilitarian or money standard, is too small in value to influence a rational man's thoughts, still less his actions. I should have been deemed a fool, as well as a brute, if, at the time of the Cotton Famine, I had said it was a matter of absolute indifference to me whether the mills stopped work or not. Yet I cannot see that my own personal commerce or comfort was affected in the remotest degree by the suspension of a trade with which, as with the persons concerned in which, I am not even remotely connected. If I were asked why I cared about the matter at all, I could only answer in the style of the grandfather in the song I have spoken of, "But 'twas a great calamity." The same remark applies to the discoveries of science. Speaking of myself, as a representative of the great public, as M. or N. of the Catechism, as a Signor "Nessuno Nome" of the great life-drama, what possible difference does it make to me whether Le Verrier does or does not discover a planet; whether Darwin does or does not put forth the theory of natural selection? In fact, if we once lay down the rule, that nobody who has nothing to get by it can reasonably make sacrifices for war, we are driven logically to the startling conclusion, that nobody ought to take an interest in anything which does not somehow touch his own bodily comforts or enjoyments.

Moreover, I am seriously afraid that, as men grow more and more intelligent, they learn to appreciate less highly the absolute and immediate disadvantages of war. In spite of all the popular commonplaces on the subject, it is very hard to specify how ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are materially affected by the fact, that the armies of their country are fighting in a foreign country. In any war, one of the combatants, if not each of them, expects that the contest will be waged in his enemy's terri-

stories, not in his own; and the result is, that the apprehension of war being brought home to their own dwellings cannot influence both parties alike. The inventions of modern science and the increasing division of labour have rendered war far less onerous to communities, taken as wholes, than it was in past days; and the tendency to diminish the horrors of war, and to exempt private persons from its sufferings, which forms one of the most marked triumphs of modern progress, renders the idea of war far less appalling to the nations of Europe than it used to be. Then, too, I think I am not committing myself to a paradox when I assert that the spread of education, the growth of popular intelligence, tend, *in the first instance*, to increase the risk of war. All the wars of the last half-century have been mainly carried on for an idea. Neither love of plunder nor greed of territory has led to their inception; but the desire either to promote or check the growth of some abstract principle. And the more intelligent a nation becomes, the larger is the number of its citizens who can realize an idea, or become enthusiastic in its defence or attack. It is common enough to treat patriotism as an instinct of humanity, but I doubt the truth of the assertion. Savage and barbarous nations hardly possess the instinct at all; the most highly cultivated ones possess it in the most developed form. The truth is, that patriotism, in our modern sense of the term, presupposes intelligence. In America the war passion seized upon the whole people to an extent never witnessed in the world before, because everybody well nigh understood more or less of the cause for which, rightly or wrongly, North and South were fighting. But, as a matter of fact, not of sentiment, what interest would our own agricultural population feel in a war carried on for an idea? No doubt if the French were to invade England, that great multitude of whom John Cross, with his nine children and his eight shillings a week, may be taken as a type, would exhibit a very distinct, if a low,

form of patriotism. They are intelligent enough to dislike a foreigner, and to feel that being ordered about by men who could not speak the English tongue was a personal pain and humiliation. But would any one suppose John Cross and his fellow Dorsetshire hinds would feel personally aggrieved if they learnt that Spain had conquered Gibraltar, or that England was powerless to protect India against the advance of Russia? Imperial supremacy, national influence, and popular greatness are to them terms conveying as little meaning as the differential calculus or the conservation of forces. But, on the other hand, any educated Englishman must feel that the power and grandeur and empire of his country are to him among his most cherished personal possessions. I can understand thinkers like Mr. Goldwin Smith arguing that the greatness of our empire does not add to our real strength, and that in the interests of right and equity we should abandon our transmarine territories. But even the most ardent disciple of this self-denying ordinance would admit, if he were honest, that the sacrifice he proposed to make was to him a very real one. I should think, from what I have seen, that the Dutch of the present day were individually as rich, happy, and prosperous as the average of Englishmen, and far more so than their ancestors were in the bygone time of Holland's greatness. But yet what Englishman would not allow that to see his country reduced to the political and national insignificance of Holland would be a calamity he would feel as a private and peculiar grief? The more cultivated we grow, the more we value our position as part and parcel of that grand entity which we call a nation. When we have, as ere long I trust we may have, common schools where all Englishmen can read and write, and know something of England's history, then the passion of the British Empire will, I believe, become as universal amongst Englishmen as the fervour of the Union is to the citizens of the United States. Our capacity for patriotism I believe to be immense.

In our present state of national culture we should rise like one man to repel any attack upon English soil; and as our views grow wider with education, we shall extend the same passion over a larger area, and apply it to a greater variety of subjects. I speak of Englishmen, because to us they afford the best illustration of my theory; but its application I take to be universal. What I have said is true not only of Britons, but in a more or less marked degree of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians,—of every nation, in fact, rising in prosperity, growing in culture. And if my view be correct, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether the spread of material prosperity, the growth of mental culture, with their consequent development and extension of the patriotic passion, are in themselves favourable to the maintenance of peace. Increased intercommunication between nations augments the number of questions on which their prejudices or principles are likely to differ; and the wider diffusion of national sentiment renders it more probable that these differences will commend themselves to the national instinct as matters worth insisting on at all costs and all hazards.

Thus I am apparently landed at the melancholy conclusion that progress promotes war, which is destructive of progress,—that in fact humanity is condemned to tread a vicious circle, by which the very efforts it makes towards its own elevation bring it back to barbarism. My escape from this dilemma consists in the belief that the gradual result of civilization, in the highest meaning of the term, will be first to modify, and then to change, the whole character of the instinct we call patriotism, for want of a better word. Patriotism is not an absolute and positive virtue like temperance, but a relative one like loyalty. Dr. Johnson defines a patriot as a man whose ruling passion is love of his country; and if this definition be correct, it follows that patriotism may be either a merit or a fault, according as the love evoked by the passion be wise or unwise. Put in this form, the statement sounds like a truism; yet

the truth is constantly disregarded, if not denied, in current language and literature. Possibly from our insular position, and our isolation from the wider currents of European thought, we carry our worship of patriotism as an abstract virtue somewhat higher than other countries, just as to my mind we exaggerate the positive merit of domestic virtues. Still in every land there is a general coincidence of opinion to the effect that anybody who loves his own country has fulfilled the whole duty of man. Now I have not the faintest wish to decry the virtue of patriotism. For many generations, possibly for many centuries to come, it will, I believe, be the highest form of self-abnegation of which the bulk of mankind can be capable. To love the community of which by chance you are a member better than your own individual care, safety, comfort; to make the welfare of the unknown millions who speak your language, and belong to your own race, the object of your efforts and exertions; to place the honour, happiness, and prosperity of the section of the human race to which you belong above all personal and private considerations—this is surely one of the noblest of human efforts. All I contend for is, that it is not *the* noblest. No man who is not devoid of the ordinary instincts of mankind, can deny that he felt a sympathy with Roebuck when he said that his one rule in life was to think what was good for England; or with the Americans, when they wrote upon their banners, "The Union: right or wrong, it must be preserved;" or with M. Thiers, when he declared the other day that to him France was everything; and yet no thinking man can help feeling that, in these and the hundred similar outbursts of patriotic zeal which each country treasures up amidst its annals, there is an element of selfishness.

Patriotism, too, by its very essence, changes in character with the changes of time. In the days of the old Italian republics, a Florentine who had not been ready to espouse the cause of his state against Pisa or Venice would

have been deemed by the highest intellects of the day degraded and disgraced. Yet now, any Florentine who joined in a foray against Pisa would be deemed, even by the most ignorant of Tuscan peasants, a scoundrel worthy of the gallows. In the same way, but a few hundred years ago every brave and honest and unselfish man who lived north of the Tweed would have been fighting on the side of Bruce and Wallace against England; and now, if a Scotchman proposed to levy war against England, he would be set down by his own countrymen as a traitor or a lunatic. Yet Scotchmen are not less patriotic now than they were in the days of Bannockburn; they would die, they have died, as readily for Great Britain as they ever died for Scotland; the only difference is, that their idea of patriotism is enlarged and exalted. Is it a heresy to imagine that some day or other the time may come—nay, can already be seen slowly advancing—when patriotism shall extend over a yet larger area than that occupied by one country or one single race? At the time of the German War of Independence, Goethe was called upon to write patriotic songs stirring up the nation against France; but, in spite of taunts and entreaties, the old poet-philosopher declined to respond to the appeal. "No one," he said, "loves the Germans more than I do; but 'then I do not hate the French.'" Perhaps hereafter this sentiment may not be thought as monstrous as it was at the time of utterance,—as it would be thought even now, under like circumstances. Possibly men may learn that, because you love your own people, it does not follow that you hate all others.

Nobody can study the course of events without seeing that the tendency of the age is to frame nations into larger communities. The days of small states are numbered; and the number of distinct nationalities throughout Europe is being diminished by a sort of Darwinian principle of selection. The strong nationalities are absorbing the weak into themselves. Much of suffering and

hardship attends this process of amalgamation. Nations, like men, die painfully; and every nation has a right to maintain its own vitality. Poland and Ireland and Denmark and Portugal may struggle hard to preserve their distinct place amidst the nations of Europe; and no wise man could state with absolute certainty that no one of them could succeed in its attempt; but in the mass they must succumb, in accordance with the law that the greater must swallow up the less. I quite admit that this absorption of the little by the big is not an unmixed gain to the world at large. There are arts, graces, studies, and even virtues which flourish more rapidly and more profusely in the confined atmosphere of small states than in the larger life of great populous communities. Things were, doubtless, possible under the Heptarchy—and those not evil things—which are no longer possible in England; and yet the absorption of the Heptarchy has profited Englishmen. And so I think in the long run Europe will be happier when her territory is divided—as it probably will be before long—into far fewer kingdoms than occupy it at present.

A change, however, in the political or economical conditions of the world might, I think, retard, if not suspend, the operation of the forces which visibly and directly tend to diminish the European constituency. I rely far more on the operation of the silent and involuntary causes which, in my judgment, are gradually bringing the constituents to feel that they are united with each other by common ties. The advantages of steam have been so dinned into our ears, so thrust down our throats, so pressed upon our remembrance in season and out of season, that we are inclined to ignore them altogether. Yet patriotism, in its low parochial sense of a passionate unreasoning preference for every custom, institution, interest of your country, as opposed to all others, received, I think, with many other bad things, its death-blow when steam was first invented. There is a story told that once, when Charles Lamb was

abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer; "of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him." And this story seems to me, like many of Elia's sayings, to have contained within it the germ of a very serious truth. The great reason why nations dislike one another, as they do most cordially, far worse than governments or dynasties ever can do, is because they are so ignorant of each other. It has been my lot to live a good deal in foreign countries; and the one chief lesson I have learnt is, that one nation is very like every other. After all, as Sam Slick says, there is a great deal that is human about man; and men are very much alike, whatever may be their language, or race, or creed, or colour. Virtues and vices, cleverness and folly, honesty and dishonesty, industry and indolence, seem to me much more equally distributed about the world than patriotic admirers of different and rival countries would be disposed to allow. Of course, neither I, nor any rational person, would assume that there is no marked difference between Englishmen and Russians, or between Chinese and Malays, or between American negroes and Hottentot bushmen. Each of these races occupies very distinct and definite stages in civilization, and cannot either judge or be judged according to a common standard. All I assert is, that between different nations the points of resemblance are more marked than the points of dissimilitude, and that therefore the effect of more intimate acquaintance between nations is inevitably to weaken the patriotic conviction, that all goodness and virtue and honesty are reserved to one particular branch of God's creation. At the time when the prejudice against the Free Northern States was at its height in this country, an English nobleman, with that sublime *naïveté* which characterises his class, remarked to an American diplomatist who told me the story, "I cannot understand how it is, but all Englishmen who have lived

"across the Atlantic seem to be fond of Americans." The plain truth is that, if you are gifted with the average amount of good sense and kindly feeling, you can hardly live long amidst a foreign nation without learning to look upon them as friends. Thus, if my view is right, the mere fact of one nation being brought into constant contact with another, forming with it ties of friendship, commerce, and marriage, removes the distinctions between the two countries, widens the area owned by their respective patriotisms, and thereby lessens the risk of war. To take a very simple and familiar instance: what reasonable man can doubt that the danger of war between France and England is far less now than it was five-and-twenty years ago? The political conditions of the two countries are, to say the least, not so favourable to peace as they were in the days when a constitutional monarch—the Napoleon of peace—sat on the throne of France. But, within the last quarter of a century, railways, excursion trains, treaties of commerce, cheap postage, increased knowledge of modern languages, have made Englishmen and Frenchmen so much more intimate with each other, that the provocation required to produce war on either side must be infinitely greater now than it would have been at the time of the Syrian difficulty.

Thus, to my mind, the way in which progress ultimately works towards the promotion of peace is by a gradual assimilation of one nation to another. I am speaking, be it always understood, of remote tendencies, not of operations whose progress can be distinctly discovered from year to year, or even perhaps from century to century. Within any given period, no matter of how long duration, no cool-headed man would reckon on the world beholding one European nation; but in the course of modern times it is probable we shall have a Latin and a Teutonic and a Slavonian people, comprising within themselves the different branches of those races, now divided by diversities of language, and history, and insti-

tutions. Just as Italy has swallowed up the republics, and France has absorbed Burgundy and Navarre, so in the course of time Italy and Spain become part and parcel of one great Latin people. No doubt, at this moment, Spaniards and Italians would regard the idea of sacrificing their separate nationality with the same horror as, centuries ago, Florentines and Venetians would have regarded the prospect of being merged in an Italian kingdom. And there is no doubt that, in all such absorptions, there is something lost to the world in the decay and disappearance of individual languages, and literatures, and traditions. But of this, I think, we may be sure, that in the long run the principle of selection holds good with regard to races and peoples, and that the one most fitted to live does live, to the exclusion of those less worthy. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, may be the staunchest of patriots, and yet may look forward without alarm to the possibility of a far distant future, when England, and France, and Germany shall be nothing more than geographical expressions. The principle of nationalities, of which we hear so much now-a-days, cannot be regarded as a permanent resting-place for humanity, but only as a temporary arrangement good for our age, but not for all ages to come. "Qui veut le fin," says the French proverb, "veut les moyens;" and any one who holds that a united brotherhood is the ideal state of mankind cannot shrink with horror at the bare notion that in the course of time his own section of humanity may be absorbed in a larger polity. This doctrine, at any rate, is not a novel one, but as old as the creed first taught eighteen centuries ago. Of all the varied faiths the world has known, Christianity is the one in which patriotism holds the least important and conspicuous place, just as Judaism, the faith of the "chosen people," is based upon the principle of patriotism in its narrowest form. In fact, from one point of view Christianity may be

regarded as a protest against the conception which underlay all the Mosaic religion, that the interest of the children of Israel superseded all claims of the outer world. When the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, the truth was asserted that the bonds which unite all mankind together are stronger and holier than those which unite together the members of each human brotherhood. To develop in practice this theory of Christianity as opposed to Judaism, is, to my mind, the especial work which progress, in our modern use of the word, has to perform.

It seems to me that there are indications of this work making way. The masses of different nations are obviously beginning to learn that they have common interests, which exist independently of their respective nationalities. During the recent strikes, to quote one example, the French and English tailors have come, it is said, to an agreement to assist each other's cause by refusing to take work from London and Paris houses respectively. I am not saying whether this course of action is wise, or just, or otherwise. The mere possibility of its adoption shows how far we have got on towards Internationalism when French and English workmen recognise the fact, that their interests are identical, not antagonistic. When the Republic was started in 1848, the first use almost the French "ouvriers" made of their liberty was to drive away the British mechanics domiciled in France; and, brutal as the act was, it can hardly be said to be inconsistent with the protective theories on which all Continental Governments of the day were based. That what one country gained another lost, was the fundamental principle of all protection; and Free Trade, amidst its many blessings to humanity, has conferred none greater than the shock it has given to this evil, and almost universal superstition. Five-and-twenty years ago the idea that anything which took work away from the looms of Lyons could fail to benefit Spitalfields and Coventry would

have been regarded, by the working-classes themselves, as an obvious absurdity. Now—slowly indeed, but still, I think, surely—the conviction is gaining ground, that the cause of labour is one on which French and English workmen are common allies, not hereditary enemies.

So, after like fashion, I see a consolidating tendency—to coin a new phrase—in the peace addresses which different bodies of the French and German communities have addressed to each other when war between these two countries appeared imminent. I do not exaggerate the *actual* importance of these addresses. When Mr. Pease and his Quaker friends went to Russia before the outbreak of the Crimean War, their peace manifesto represented the sentiments of a small and insignificant minority; and I doubt very much whether the stilted proclamations of the Parisian students and Proletarians would have done much in themselves to bring about a peaceful solution of the Luxemburg question. If war should come to pass, Frenchmen and Germans will hate each other for the time; and the natural patriotic instincts of each race will overpower the feeble resistance of the friends of humanity. But still there is something gained by the mere recognition of the truth that Frenchmen and Germans have higher and wider duties towards each other than those which pertain to them as members of the Latin and Teutonic races. The Utopias of one age become the truths of succeeding generations; and so I cannot regard it as absurd to imagine that the day may come when a war between European nations may appear as monstrous and wicked to the world, as a war between Wessex and Mercia would appear to Englishmen of our own time and country. I may add, that the idea of settling international difficulties by means of congresses and conferences, of which, from whatever motives, the Emperor Napoleon has been the chief advo-

cate—the doctrines of a brotherhood of humanity so popular amongst the advanced thinkers of the Continent—are also indications of the tendency to substitute for patriotism a larger and more comprehensive principle of human action.

In so short a space as these limits assign to me, it is impossible to discuss so great a question with any fulness. I trust, however, I have made plain the general purport of my theory. To recapitulate it very briefly, I may say that, in my judgment, the direct and primary effect of material and mental progress is to strengthen the patriotic instincts of mankind, and thereby to render wars certainly not less, possibly even more, probable. But the indirect and secondary effect of this progress I hold to be the substitution of a general for a local patriotism; and the consequent effectuation of a state of things under which war would become impossible. I quite admit that this process is one of very slow and tardy growth. I think it possible that not only existing nations, but even the order of things to which existing nations belong, may live out their appointed time before peace becomes the permanent condition of humanity. Nor am I sanguine enough to hope that speculations of this kind will have any practical bearing either in our time or for a long, long time to come. But I do think that those who believe with me in the gradual advancement of the human race need not despair, because, in spite of the progress we have made in many ways, the war spirit remains as powerful as ever. “*Ma la cosa va*”—such were the last words almost of Count Cavour, when he lay dying with his great work only half accomplished; and so, after all, the most earnest workers in the cause of humanity must be content to remember with him that, in spite of all, “things are still moving”—moving progress-wards, and therefore peace-wards.